

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—Cowper.



WRECKED, BUT NOT LOST.

THE FRANKLINS; OR, THE STORY OF A CONVICT. CHAPTER LXIV.—"THAT NELL."

Six months had glided by, and no traces of Miles Oakley had been discovered. Franklin was discouraged; but, determined not to give up the pursuit while any hope remained, he was continually urging his satellite, the detective, to renewed exertions, by larger promises of reward.

One morning this worthy made his appearance at Franklin's lodgings (not those from which he had been

enticed by the squire); his countenance was stolid and unmoved, but there was a twinkle in his eye which betokened a new gleam of hope.

"We shall do now, sir," said he.

"You have said so before, Mr. Gordon," said Franklin; "and what makes you think—?—but sit down."

Gordon drew a chair to the middle of the room, sat on its edge, and taking from his pocket-book a printed paper, very long and very narrow, he spread it on the table before him. The paper was a play bill.

"That's our man, sir," said the satellite, laying his finger on the name of Richardson, which appeared in

the body of the bill; "and that's where he is to be found now," shifting the digit to the heading, "Theatre Royal, —, Dublin." "That's where our man is, sir; or, leastways, was a week ago, and where, of course, he is to be found now."

"I have taken so many journeys on a false scent, Gordon," said Franklin, doubtfully, "that you won't mind my asking you how you are so sure of being right this time."

"Not at all, sir; not at all. You see, in conducting this case—leastways, in working it out—I have kept my eye always on Doory Lane quarter, where most of this sort of gentry are to be heard of at one time or other. And last night—leastways, in the afternoon—looking in at "Mother Cox's," according to custom, I took notice of a seedy looking chap I had had some acquaintance with a time ago, on some little matters of business, which are neither here nor there."

"I understand; and you wormed yourself into his confidence, as usual."

"Why, in this case, Mr. Franklin, he couldn't very well help it. Maybe he wished me further off, and maybe he didn't; but you see he knew me, and he saw that I knew him; and there I had him."

"I see. But may I ask why you should suppose that this seedy looking gentleman could give you any information about Miles Oakley?"

"Well, sir, I didn't suppose it at first. To tell the truth, there's another little affair which I have an interest in, being more in my regular line; and I don't mind telling you, Mr. Franklin, that 'tis an Old Bailey job. I shouldn't wonder now, sir, if you have been a bit of a sportsman in your time," said Mr. Gordon, abruptly; "if you wouldn't mind my saying so," he added, apologetically.

"Not at all; and I don't mind saying that I have been a bit of a sportsman."

"Just so, sir; and maybe, when you have been in full chase after one hare, we'll say, another has crossed the road and drawn off your dogs from the first?"

"Such a thing sometimes happens, Mr. Gordon."

"Well, sir, say man instead of hare, and you have it," continued the officer, with a knowing nod. "When I was beating about the bushes for my other man, a few words dropped by chance made me prick up my ears; and here we are, sir." Once more Mr. Gordon laid his finger on "Richardson."

In further explanation, Mr. Gordon said that the seedy gentleman upon whom he had lighted, was an actor of no very high pretensions, and had only the day before returned from Ireland, in proof of which the play bill before him was in some sort a voucher. Also that he had left his company on account of a quarrel with the manager, in which quarrel one of his fellow tragedians was mixed up. And nothing loth, he began to confide the origin and progress of the quarrel to Gordon, who listened at first without much interest, until a few words appeared to identify the actor Richardson with the man after whom Franklin and himself had been so long in search. A few questions, skilfully put, confirmed this suspicion, and reduced it almost to a certainty. "But," added Gordon, when he had got thus far in his report, "perhaps you would like to see the man yourself, sir?"

Eagerly acquiescing in this proposal, Franklin accompanied his agent to the house known as "Mother Cox's," where the man was to be found; and the result of an hour's interview was Franklin's immediate preparation for a journey to Ireland, by way of Liverpool. Four days later, he was in Dublin.

The information Franklin had gathered, (price one

guinea, well laid out,) from the nameless gentleman in the seedy coat, led him to the conclusion that the actor, whom he believed to be his old companion and friend, had long since discovered that "the way of transgressors is hard," and was now arrived at the barren harvest time, described in the sacred volume under the expressive figure of sowing the wind and reaping the whirlwind.

Emphatically, and far beyond many others, who are yet no laggards in this unprofitable husbandry, Miles Oakley had "sown the wind." What was there—(so Franklin reflected)—what was there within the bounds of reason, and perhaps many steps beyond the bounds of true wisdom, that his unhappy friend might not have had for asking? But he had recklessly thrown away all the treasures of his youth—all the hopes of his manhood; had squandered the wealth of home, parental love, friendship, to become—what? The account given of him by the man at "Mother Cox's" furnished this reply:—

A wretched buffoon: unfit even for the vocation he had chosen, and retained in its lowest grades from motives of charity, while despised by his associates for his incompetency, and disliked by them for his superior breeding. His former affluence, meanwhile, was exchanged for deep and grinding and constant poverty; for, unable to work his way to what the world might have deemed a respectable position in his calling, his only chance of continued employment, and of earning daily bread, was derived from a precarious connection with men and women, who, like himself, were degraded in the world's estimation; though, unlike himself, they were either unconscious of, or indifferent to, their deep degradation.

One redeeming feature in his poor friend's case presented itself to Franklin. The stranger of Drury Lane described him as being dotingly fond of, and faithful to the young wife who shared in his poverty. This was something; and while Franklin's heart ached and his lips quivered and his eyes filled with tears, as he thought of Ellen—poor Ellen—in such a position, he was yet grateful that she had the solace of a husband's affection. There was hope in this.

But the young wife was ill—this also the stranger had reported; so ill that her part on the stage (Franklin shuddered as the image of Ellen in the tawdry garments and painted cheeks of an actress came into his thoughts) had to be filled up by another. It was said that she was in a decline; and that Richardson (otherwise Miles Oakley) secluded himself from all society, and passed all the hours in which he was not professionally engaged, in her company.

Franklin was hopeful here. He would not permit himself to believe that Ellen was thus passing away. Ill! no doubt she was ill. The sorrows of her mind—bodily privations—anxious cares for to-day and to-morrow—distaste to the publicity of her profession—with all this pressing upon a slight and delicate frame, and a constitution which had never before been tried, how could it be otherwise than that nature had given way? Franklin could almost find it in his heart to be glad that Ellen was so far ill that she could no longer be the puppet of a theatre. And he pleased himself with fancying that even the partial overtures of reconciliation of which he was the bearer (and he would take care that she should not know how partial, as regarding herself, they were) would do more towards her restoration than twenty doctors.

Thus thinking and hoping, Franklin wended his way from the inn in Sackville Street, where he had taken up his temporary quarters, towards the obscure and dirty

suburb in which was to be found the particular theatre, dedicated to royalty by a flight of Milesian imagination or humour. It was a miserable afternoon; the rain descended in torrents, and the mud was ankle-deep in the streets. Even the beggars, who are both numerous and pertinacious enough in Dublin, had evidently been cowed and dispersed, for there was not one to be seen; and the guide whom Franklin had hired, with the promise of a double fee, shuffled along silently under the shelter of his ragged jasey, as though ashamed to be seen abroad in such discreditable circumstances.

Pushing on, however, in spite of these discouragements, Franklin was presently landed in a low arched passage, which he was told was the entrance to the theatre; and here his guide (having secured his reward) suddenly decamped, leaving our young bush-farmer to follow up his adventure alone. A few steps more led Franklin into a kind of office, which served, as it seemed, for the receipt of custom by night, and a lounging place by day for the hangers-on of the establishment. At least, several men who appeared to be *fac-similes* of the seedy man whom he had seen in Drury Lane, were then present, and looked inquisitively at the visitor as he entered. They were politely civil, however, and listened respectfully, though not without a shade of suspicion, as Franklin could see, to his inquiries respecting "a Mr. Richardson, whose name" appeared on the bill he held in his hand.

It did not surprise Franklin that his question was received with hesitation and reserve. His several months' experience in the purlieus of theatres had prepared him for this; but this same experience had furnished him also with a kind of free-masonry in the way of signs and words, which prevailed against suspicion; and on the present occasion he was—after a momentary consultation—informed that the gentleman whose name he had mentioned was under heavy domestic affliction (doubtless, poverty, combined with the illness of poor Ellen, thought Franklin, with a secret pang), but that, if the inquirer wished, a messenger should accompany him to their brother actor's lodgings. Accordingly, a boy was called from the interior of the mystic temple, and proceeded, under the protection of Franklin's umbrella, to dive down a neighbouring lane, thence across a dismal court, then through a tortuous passage, until the goal was reached, and he was dismissed with a liberal fee.

The place was a miserable tenement, upon which Franklin, little fastidious as he had become in his beatings about the world, looked with dismay. "Poor Ellen! my poor dear!" he whispered to himself as he knocked at the broken door.

"He's above, if ye want to see him; but ye're not a praste I think, sir," said the old woman, to whom Franklin preferred his request.

"Not a priest certainly; but a friend. Shall I find my way, do you think?"

"Ye'll not very well miss it, sir," replied the crone, who, crouching over a peat fire and smoking a short pipe, seemed but little inclined to rise and lead the way; "the stairs are before ye, and the door's at the top. Ye'll tread softly, for there's a broken step as ye go up;" and saying this, the old woman once more closed her lips over the stem of her duden. The directions were explicit enough, however; and following them, he came to a door, which at his repeated summons was presently opened.

The room into which Franklin was admitted was darkened, and the day was dark, as well as closing in; no wonder, then, that Franklin, in the first moment of sur-

prise, did not recognise Miles Oakley, in the haggard, neglected, pallid, sorrow-stricken, bent and downcast man who silently admitted him. But Miles Oakley it was; and in one moment their hands were clasped (oh, how clammy cold was that of the poor actor!), and the next moment, Miles's head was resting on the stronger shoulder of his foster-brother, and he was sobbing—sobbing. It was agony to witness his grief.

"And Ellen?" whispered Franklin, presently, when the first paroxysm had subsided; and, in a few broken words, Miles had said, "How good! how kind!—oh how kind!"

"And Ellen?"

A wild cry of anguish rose to Miles's lips; but he kept it down. "Poor Ellen—poor Nelly!" he whispered hoarsely in reply—"will you see—?"

"I should like to see her if I may," said Franklin, quietly: "don't fear me," he added; "I have no fear for myself. I can bear to meet her as a friend, a very dear friend, but only a friend and your wife."

Perhaps the young husband scarcely comprehended—perhaps he scarcely heard—his friend's words; for (as Franklin afterwards remembered) he looked like one bewildered, or as one in a waking dream, and made no reply; but he grasped Franklin's arm and silently led him to an inner doorway, over which hung a ragged curtain. Drawing this aside, he motioned the visitor to enter, himself following.

It was a small, bare chamber, in which two dull candles were burning, and shedding a pale yellow light, which struggled with the fading daylight, very feebly. But Franklin could see all that the room contained.

There was a bed untenanted, a small table, a chair, two tressels, and a coffin.

Franklin was not prepared for this. For a moment he staggered, and felt himself turning deadly pale.

"You did not tell me of this," he whispered hoarsely.

There was no reply; for Miles was standing by the side of the open coffin, bending over it, and his hot tears were falling fast. At length he muttered, "I loved her, Willy, I have never ceased to love her. Poor Nelly! she was very good to me; she never reproached me. Come and look at her, Willy: it will not shock you; she is beautiful even in death."

And Franklin, with trembling steps, drew to the side of the coffin too. The light of the candles fell upon the face of the corpse. Miles had said truly, "she is beautiful even in death." Want, suffering, disease had not destroyed the loveliness of youth; it had but rendered it more ethereal and unearthly. But the loveliness was such as had never belonged to Ellen Murray.

"You remember that May-day," said Miles, unconscious of the cause of Franklin's speechless surprise—a surprise amounting almost to terror in its first effects, and which rendered him, for the time, incapable of thought. "You remember that May-day, when poor Nelly was *Queen of the May*. That was the beginning of my love for her; and I little thought how it would end. My dear, dear!"

CHAPTER LXV.—CLEARING UP.

ABOUT a fortnight after the discovery recorded in the last chapter, the two young men, Franklin and Miles, were the sole occupants of a private sitting-room in the Sackville Street hotel. They were both attired in deep mourning, for poor Nelly's funeral had taken place ten days before; and Franklin had prevailed on the widower to leave his dreary lodgings, and sojourn with him at the hotel, while waiting for a reply to a communication he himself had sent to "The Oaks."

We have just said that Franklin prevailed on the widower; but no lengthened argument or persuasion had been needed, for a melancholy so profound as to border on silent despair had taken hold on Miles Oakley; and, as though he were passing through the scenes and stages of a hideous dream, without power of resistance or awakening, he suffered his foster-brother to do with him whatever he would.

Meanwhile, Franklin had had time to ponder over the strange series of misconceptions under which he had suffered. He recalled to mind that the name of Ellen Murray had been mentioned only once in the entire correspondence which had related, either directly or indirectly, to Miles's unhappy clandestine marriage; and then only as a gossiping report. He remembered, too, that in his interview with the old squire, the same reticence had accidentally been maintained. And yet not altogether accidentally, perhaps; for Franklin felt that he had shrunk from mentioning the name, and from referring to the parents of Miles's supposed wife; and he could easily understand now, that the squire had, with equal repugnance, avoided speaking of her more explicitly, than by the contemptuously angry epithet of "that Nell;" supposing, as a matter of course, that Franklin knew to whom the term applied. And thus the error in his mind had been confirmed and perpetuated.

And now Franklin could comprehend what had been inexplicable to him before—the anger of the squire, and Mrs. Oakley's sympathy with that anger, against Miles, for having formed an unsuitable alliance. He could also better understand how his infatuated foster-brother, despairing of obtaining his parents' consent to this alliance, had plunged himself into the misery which is the necessary attendant on duplicity. Undoubtedly there was a considerable difference between Ellen Murray, the amiable and intelligent and well-instructed daughter of a gentleman and a clergyman, and Ellen West, the uneducated and spoiled, though sprightly and naturally intelligent child of one of the squire's own labourers. And though Franklin had nothing but pity to bestow on his unhappy friend, and of deep and sorrowful feeling for the poor girl who had so fatally missed the happiness which she no doubt believed to be in store for her, when she consented to become the wife of the heir of Oakley, he could not so bitterly blame his old friends at "The Oaks" for their strong indignation.

Sincerely as he regretted, therefore, the premature death of poor Nelly, and the sad bereavement of his friend, Franklin could but see that this event opened the way for a more complete reconciliation than he had ventured to hope for. And he waited, if not without impatience, yet without anxious dread, for the reply to his letter, which he now expected.

It seemed cruel and unfeeling to Franklin himself, and he strove against the feeling; yet he could but know that, in the midst of his sympathy for Miles, his heart was lightened of a heavy load. Even if Ellen Murray were as far off from himself as though she had been Miles's wife—as no doubt she was—he had not to think of her any more as miserable and disgraced in that connection. Indeed, when he recalled his past grief on this score, Franklin blamed himself exceedingly, for having permitted the monstrous and dishonouring belief, which had caused that grief, to enter his mind. So wise he was, as we all are, or think ourselves to be, after the event.

It was an intense relief, at all events, to Franklin to be able to turn back his remembrances of Ellen into their former channel, and to picture her as still

honoured and beloved, instead of cast out and abhorred.

Franklin could but feel glad, too, that the treachery he had ascribed to poor Miles was a phantom of his own imagination. Whatever his faults, his friend and foster-brother had never been unfaithful to him. And never, perhaps, had our hero known so much of the true value of that self-conquest, which, by God's grace, he had achieved, when it was thus brought home to him how nearly he had been angry without cause, and unforgiving without offence.

It may very well be supposed that Franklin had not, in the few days they had been together, broached to the unhappy widower any of the thoughts which we have briefly passed in review. On the contrary, he had endeavoured either to lead his reflections to matters of higher moment, or his hopes to the generous forgiving reception which awaited him at his old home. To these benevolent efforts Miles had hitherto answered scarcely a word; now, however, on a renewal of the theme, he suddenly replied, with more animation than he had hitherto shown—

"You have left out one strong argument, Willy, which would reconcile me to—to ever returning to Oakley."

"And what is that, Miles?"

"The hope of seeing you happy. You look at me wonderingly; but you know what I mean. You will be married to Ellen Murray, and she will make you happy."

"If I wait for happiness until then——" Franklin began to say; but Miles interrupted him.

"You think that Ellen has forgotten you—that she was as ready to cast you off like an old glove, as you were faint-hearted to——"

"Not faint-hearted, I think, dear Miles; say that honour required the sacrifice."

"You may call it what you like; but it won't alter the fact that Ellen remained true to you, and does remain true, or I'll never put faith in woman again. Do you know, Willy," continued Miles, with more animation than he had yet spoken—"can you guess what drove me at last to marrying my own poor darling Nelly?—not that I would not have had her, if I had waited ever so long; but why I made a midnight flitting of it, and—and so brought sorrow to her as I did? You don't; but I'll tell you. You know Mrs. Murray, and how she, poor woman, was always planning and scheming to bring Ellen and me together. Well, after it was all over with you, as she thought, she redoubled her efforts; she made herself perfectly ridiculous, and poor Ellen perfectly miserable. This went on till your letter came, which you asked me to give to Ellen herself. I did give it; and then we came to an understanding. She would never disobey her parents by marrying without their consent; and, of course, as you gave her up, she submitted to that too; but she would never marry another while you remained single."

"Did Ellen say that?" exclaimed Franklin.

"Ay, and more than that, though I can't recollect it all now."

"If you had only written a line to tell me this, it would have—at least it might have in some measure altered or modified my own course."

"How could I write, when Ellen Murray forbade me to mention her name to you? Besides, I could not have written without telling you of my own Nelly; and—but that is not what I was speaking of. Traps were laid for Ellen, and traps were laid for me. Mrs. Murray was indefatigable; she won over my father (her own husband had been won over long before), she was winning

over my mother, and, in short, she was determined to have me for a son-in-law, seeking for her daughter position alone. Meanwhile, poor Ellen—your Ellen I mean—was made miserable. I could see it—by her mother's manoeuvres on one hand, and her persecution and reproaches on the other, till I could not bear it any longer; so I cut the knot, and ran off with my own Nelly, and left the busy lady to make what means she liked over her broken basket of crockery; and there's the whole truth of it, Willy."

"My poor Miles! you have paid dearly for your generosity," Franklin could not help saying, deeply affected as he was, even to tears.

"Pooh! never mind me; I am not worth a sigh. Besides, if I had not done that, I might have done worse; and I did it to please myself, after all."

Thus far the conversation had proceeded, when a waiter entered the room, and softly whispered a few words in Franklin's ear, which, whatever their import, caused him first of all to start from his seat with a sudden flush of joyful surprise, and then to follow the man as he withdrew. A few minutes passed away, and then Miles was clasped in his mother's arms, while the old squire stood by resting his broad hand on Franklin's shoulder.

"Tis all Lucy's doings, Willy," the old man blurted out, in detached words—she would come; as soon as she got your letter, nothing could keep her away—bless her! So we started off to Liverpool, and waited for the packet, and—Miles, Miles, my dear boy, my dear, dear boy—" for by this time he had secured Miles's hand in his grasp; "may God forgive me, if I have seemed hard-hearted and cruel; but I didn't know."

Enough. Let the curtain fall reverently on the scene.

CHAPTER LXVI.—A FINAL TÊTE-À-TÊTE AT THE VICARAGE.

ONCE more, and for the last time in our domestic drama, the curtain rises.

It is late in spring; the old oaks at Oakley are rejoicing in their rejuvenated foliage, and the first nightingale's song has been heard arising from the thick shrubberies of Oakley Vicarage. It is evening—between lights, as Mrs. Murray says; and the vicar and his wife are the sole tenants, for the time being, of their little drawing-room. The gentleman has been dining at "The Oaks," and is just returned to his nest.

"It is all settled, I suppose, Mr. Murray," says the lady, a little querulously.

"All but having your final consent, my dear: we could not get on without that; but I have ventured to say, my love, that you will not refuse any longer to make our poor Ellen happy."

"It is very pretty to put it in that way, Alfred, when you know that you are all set upon doing it, whether I like it or not. What does it matter what such an insignificant thing as I—"

"Now, my dear Isabel, you do yourself and every one else a great deal of injustice," says the gentleman, soothingly. "It matters so much, that Ellen will never be William Franklin's wife if your objections remain."

"Ellen has chosen for herself, Mr. Murray, though she knows it has been against my judgment."

"Against your wishes, my love; but you see—and, by the way, Isabel, darling, don't you remember? Dear me, it is so long since that I have lost my reckoning; but you can call to mind what your own mother (a dear good creature she was, though she did not like me at first)—but don't you remember her saying almost those very words, 'Isabel has chosen for herself,' and then, she added, 'as people make their beds so they must—'"

The good vicar cannot complete his sentence, for his wife, ashamed now of her ambitious folly, seizes his hand.

"We have been very happy, Alfred," says the softened lady, "and Ellen shall be happy too, if I can make her so. Poor child! she has had a long time of trial," and Mrs. Murray's eyes glisten with sympathy.

"I knew you would say so, my dear," replies the admiring husband; "for you always take the sensible view of a case—in the end. And now I shall have pleasure in telling you, that though Franklin is so determined not to receive anything from the squire, except his father's old farm, 'The Lees,' he won't enter upon that property without sufficient means. The money—that old lady who was lately buried—"

"Old Mrs. Franklin?"

"Yes, of course; well, the amount she has left behind her is astonishing. How she must have hoarded and scraped to get it together, to be sure! More than £1000 has been found about the house, in the most unimaginable places, and Mr. Peake says he has not half done searching yet. So, when letters of administration are taken out—which Peake promises shall be done with all despatch—why, my love, Ellen's husband will be a good deal richer than yours was when you married him, or than he has ever been since."

The lady reflects a little while; then she says, "And there's the property over in New South Wales; but I suppose that will go to wreck and ruin, now that Franklin has made up his mind not to go there again."

"I am not so sure of that, Isabel; and I have something to tell you that will surprise you—about Miles."

"Poor Miles!" sighs Mrs. Murray; and if it was a last sigh for the final downfall of that castle in the air which the good lady had so long and painfully been building, let it pass.

"Yes, my dear; Miles has proposed to go out to Sydney for two or three years, and to take charge of Franklin's interests there. He has pressed this so much, and with so much reason, that his father and mother have consented. And to tell you the truth, I am glad of it: it is very wise of them."

Once more the lady says, "Poor Miles!" and the gentleman responds, "Yes, my dear Isabel;" and then he adds, "It is the best thing, in all respects, that Miles can do. We have seen, my love, how the weight of his great sorrow, and, I may add, his remorse, presses upon his spirits, in spite of all the kindness and overflowing love with which he has been received back again. Well, nothing will so effectually (so far as human means are concerned) tend to the shaking off of this unprofitable sorrow, as an entire change and active occupation. And then, as Miles is sincerely desirous of abandoning his old disreputable connections, and is justly afraid for his own powers of resistance, he will have an opportunity of entering on a new course, unimpeded by the temptations which would be sure to assail him at home."

"I don't know that, Alfred," says Isabel; "but since the thing is done, there's no use in arguing: there's another thing, however. I hope Mr. Franklin does not mean that our Ellen is to go and live in that very mean and dilapidated old farm-house at 'The Lees,' because if he does, I will never con—"

"My love, that is provided for, and I think to your satisfaction—I mean to our mutual satisfaction. Franklin intends to devote to its restoration that part of his inheritance which was derived from the sale of the farm; and our old friend the squire insists upon adding an equal amount, so that our Ellen may have a good house over her head, as he says. But he gives this on con-

dition, my dear, that you will see to the alterations yourself, without any interference, because you showed such excellent taste in the improvements of the vicarage——"

"If I were you, I would not repeat such nonsense, Alfred," says the lady, who seems pleased, notwithstanding this gentle disclaimer. "But there is another thing——"

"Another thing, my love!"

"That old woman, Martha White. I am sure it was only in the strictest confidence that I hinted to her the possibility of Miles and Ellen——"

"Yes, my dear, I know," says the gentleman, hastily; "and she betrayed your confidence; it was very naughty of her, and proves that the best of us poor creatures are not always wise and perfect."

"See what mischief came of it, Alfred; and what I want to know is, whether she is going to hold a responsible position at 'The Lees?' Because——"

"My dear, Martha White will not live at 'The Lees' at all; she is to retain possession of her late old mistress's little farm."

"That satisfies me so far," says the lady; "but there is another thing——"

Happily for the vicar there is at this moment a loud, boisterous knocking at his gate.

"It is the squire and Mrs. Oakley," says Mr. Murray, starting up with alacrity: "they promised they would bring Ellen home."

"My dear Alfred," says Mrs. Murray, reproachfully, and also starting up, to give a hurried glance at herself in the mirror, "how could you be so thoughtless as not to tell me this before?"

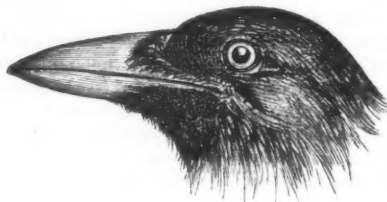
"My love, I fully meant to do so," says the gentleman, apologetically: "but the truth is, I had forgotten all about it."

And then the squire enters, and his Lucy enters, leading Ellen by the hand; and presently the squire draws the vicar into the study, or the vicar entices the squire there, whichever the reader pleases; and then——

"And when is it to be, Lucy?" asks the squire triumphantly, as he walks homewards with his wife leaning on his arm; "for of course it is to be; but when?"

"Any day but May-day," replies the lady, softly; for she is thinking of her son.

THE RAVEN.



THE raven is a bird so well known, that a description of its appearance is unnecessary, except to distinguish it from its near relations, the crow and the rook. It is larger than either of those birds, and has a greater curve in its beak, which is also stronger.

Inhabiting all regions of the world, the raven is strong and hardy, and does not appear to suffer any inconvenience from the most intense cold or extreme heat.

We are accustomed to think of the raven as a bird of

sable plumage, "As black as a raven's wing" being a proverbial saying; but these birds are sometimes seen of a snowy whiteness. It is supposed this change of colour is produced either by disease, or in consequence of inhabiting a cold climate for a prolonged period—the plumage of many birds changing under such circumstances.

The raven is, in his appetite, essentially a glutton. Nothing in the shape of prey comes amiss to him, living or dead; whatever creature is in his power need not expect to escape from his strong beak and powerful digestive organs. He will even venture to pluck out the eyes of sheep and lambs, if sick or helpless, and so powerful is his sense of smell that he can discern his prey at a distance that seems incredible. Sweeping directly on the object, he first satisfies his own appetite, which is enormous, and then invites others to the feast. Should he, however, find his anticipated prey in the possession of some more powerful bird or beast, he waits patiently at a distance until the first comer has satisfied himself and retired, when he enjoys himself on what is left. Should it be out of his power to obtain larger game, he contents himself with insects and fruit, or even the most disgusting offal, if nothing better is to be had.

Ravens never congregate as do other birds, but live in pairs, building their nests generally in trees. The eggs are five or six in number, of a pale green colour, and spotted with brown. As soon as the young birds are at all able to provide for themselves, they are driven away by their parents, who will not permit them even to live in their vicinity. Ravens may often be seen in clear weather in pairs, taking distant flights upwards; at this time they utter a deep loud cry, quite unlike their usual croak.

The raven in his tame state has been made both useful and amusing to man, in many ways. He has frequently been trained for fowling purposes, like the hawk, and to fetch at the word of command, like a dog. He can be taught to speak as well as a parrot, and stranger still, to sing like a human being. Goldsmith says that he heard a raven sing a song called "The Black Joke," "with great distinctness and humour."

Whatever his vocal powers may be, he is certainly the most impudent of birds, and possesses all the attributes of a busy-body. Inquisitive to a degree, nothing escapes his notice, and he is so indefatigably busy that he is continually in mischief, teasing every animal within his reach, and playing tricks on every one except the cook, into whose good graces he tries to insinuate himself from purely personal motives. No bird is a greater gourmand, and he generally, unlike other bad livers, reaches a good old age—some say, a hundred years. To this longevity his good appetite and active habits greatly conduce.

Some years ago I was walking along a retired street, when, hopping at some distance before me, I saw a raven which had evidently strayed from its owner. That it was a tame bird was apparent from its gay scarlet hood and leggings. Having approached it more nearly, I ventured, though with some misgivings, to stretch out my hand to him; immediately, with a hoarse croak, he jumped on my wrist, and turned his head sideways to get a good look at me. Having apparently satisfied himself as to the respectability of my appearance, he settled himself more comfortably, holding my wrist tightly in his strong claws, and murmuring his satisfaction in a series of jerking sounds, that amused me considerably, but caused me to hasten my steps homewards, as I soon became the "cynosure of neighbouring eyes."

Having reached my own home, I introduced my bird to the dining-room, where, on my sitting down to dinner, he took up his position on the back of my chair. Mr. Jack (as we named him) remained very quiet during dinner time; but no sooner was the dessert placed on the table, than with a chuckling cry and a flap of his wings he placed himself beside my plate, when, having helped himself to a biscuit and some fruit, and washed them down by a good dive of his beak into my wine, he proceeded on a voyage of discovery round the table, taking toll from every plate and glass as he passed, until his gait became rather unsteady, when he directed his course under the sideboard, and, perching himself on the edge of the plate-basket, went sound asleep.

The next day, having clipped one of his wings, that he might not escape from me, as he had done from his former owner, I took him out in the garden to give him a walk. As he marched solemnly along before me, evidently meditating on the vicissitudes of life, a large tabby cat, a great pet of mine, sprang suddenly upon him, in her ignorance of fowls in general, and of ravens in particular. Being a town-bred cat, she was under the hallucination that he would be as easily disposed of as a sparrow; but what was her horror and dismay, when, adroitly thrusting his beak into her open mouth, Jack seized her by the tongue, and as poor pussy ran along the path struggling to get free, he hopped beside her in a kind of demoniac *pas de seul*, flapping his wings exultingly over her, until I had to come to the rescue. Not pitying Mrs. Grimalkin much for the fright she had got, I hoped it would be a warning to her not to interfere with birds in future, she having already, in her love for dainties, demolished several pet canaries.

From this time her terror at the approach of "Jack" was ludicrous, and his determination to keep it fresh in her mind was equally so; he generally paid her a visit once a day, much to her dislike, especially as she had a family of young kittens. "Jack" would watch his opportunity, and just as she was purring with satisfaction among her interesting progeny, and for the moment oblivious of the danger of an impending visitation, his roguish eye and shining head would suddenly appear before her startled gaze, when with a spring he would quickly poise himself above her on the edge of the basket, and after apparently pausing to make a selection, with a sudden dive he would snatch up a kitten by the tail, holding it suspended for a moment, and then letting it fall back again into its place, enjoying with mischievous delight the agony of the mother while he had possession of her offspring.

Many times some small articles were missed, yet it never struck us to suspect Jack of the robberies, until one day that I had been sitting reading, and on being called out of the room for a moment, I placed a small ivory marker between the pages of my book. There was not any person in the room, and yet, when I returned, the marker was gone. Looking about me to see could I possibly have dropped it, I observed Jack standing sentinel in a corner of the room, one eye fixed on me, and the other directed in a very knowing side glance at the carpet. Going over to him, I with some difficulty got him away from the spot, and on putting my finger under the edge of the carpet, I found not only my marker but a pair of scissors, a thimble, a fruit knife, and various other small articles that had been missed from time to time. As I took out each article, Jack gave a dismal croak, as if it went to his heart to see his hoard so ruthlessly invaded and carried off.

For some years Jack flourished in health and mischief; but one evening when I had had a large dinner

party, at which he had helped himself rather too liberally to the good things, on taking up his usual position for the night on the edge of the plate-basket, he gave a sudden loud cry, and dropped down on the carpet quite dead.

I shall conclude by relating an anecdote of a raven that amused me very much at the time I heard it, and which will very likely be new to most of my readers. A tailor had a raven that could say one sentence with great distinctness, but in a very hoarse voice; this sentence was, "I'll nab you." One day, having made his escape, the raven flew across the country nearly thirty miles, and took up his abode in one of the chimneys of a castle, that, although not very old, had been allowed to become dilapidated, as it was part of a disputed property. A night or two after the raven had ensconced himself in the chimney, some robbers took refuge in the castle, and began to lay plans for some new plundering expedition, when suddenly, close beside them, the words, "I'll nab you," uttered in a sepulchral voice, sent them rushing in a panic of terror from the building.

In a short time, the dispute as to the property being decided in favour of one of the litigants, he sent down workmen to repair the castle; and part of the chimney in which the raven was located being considered insecure, a sweep was sent up to report as to its condition. When he had got about half way up, the words, "I'll nab you," croaked into his ear, caused him to descend in great terror and haste. Many of the workmen heard the ominous sounds at various times, but no person could find out who gave utterance to them, and at last no one would venture to continue the repairs, and almost in despair the owner of the castle advertised, offering a large reward to whoever would discover and expel the mysterious intruder. The tailor saw the advertisement by chance, and immediately knew that it was his vagrant raven. Taking a strong canvas bag with him, in which to secure the raven, he soon made his appearance at the castle; and on ascending the chimney he was accosted, as the others had been, with the menacing words, "I'll nab you." "I think I'll nab you first, my boy," said the tailor, seizing him, and consigning him to the bag, where he lay quietly enough, having recognised the voice of his old master. On descending, the tailor demanded the promised reward.

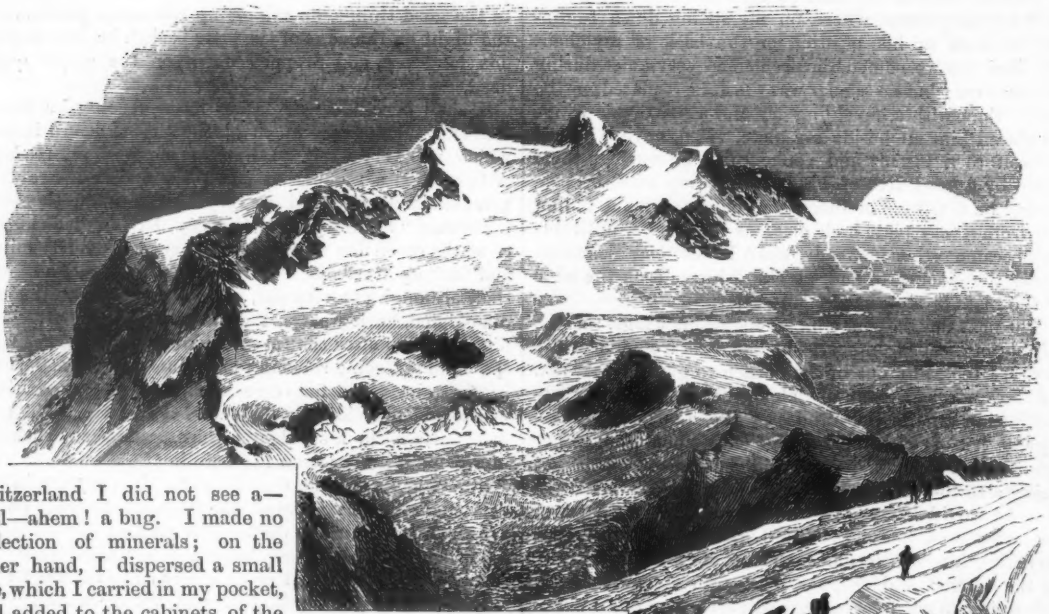
"How am I to know that you really have discovered and removed whatever it is that has caused all this disturbance?" said the gentleman.

"Put your hand into this bag if you do not believe me," said the tailor, opening it a little way, but so as not to let him have a view of its occupant. The gentleman put in his hand, but rapidly withdrew it, as the angry words, "I'll nab you," were growled from the bottom of the raven's throat. He very quickly paid the stipulated reward, too glad to get rid of the unwelcome visitor to make any further inquiries.

THE REGULAR SWISS ROUND.

IX.—ZERMATT TO CHATILLON.

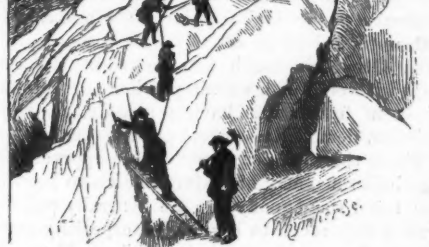
THE excursions from Zermatt are endless—guide-books give you a number. Beside the outer glories of nature, there are stores of those riches which the naturalist covets. The insects, minerals, and plants of this neighbourhood are varied, curious, and accessible. I am not an entomologist myself—not exactly; that is, though I love almost all living things, and take a great interest in insects, still, I cannot pretend to recollect the intricacies of their nomenclature. But be assured of this—that throughout



Switzerland I did not see a—well—ahem! a bug. I made no collection of minerals; on the other hand, I dispersed a small one, which I carried in my pocket, and added to the cabinets of the innkeepers. But seriously, the naturalist will be deeply interested with the life of this elevated spot.

As to the excursions, though varied in themselves, though you set off day after day, in a different direction, and feel the impulse of discovery freshen up every morning after breakfast, there must be a sameness in their descriptions. I will take you only to the central point of view, most characteristic of the scenery about Zermatt, which is accessible to those who ride, and then we will go over one of the high ice passes and see what there is on the other side of the great Alpine chain.

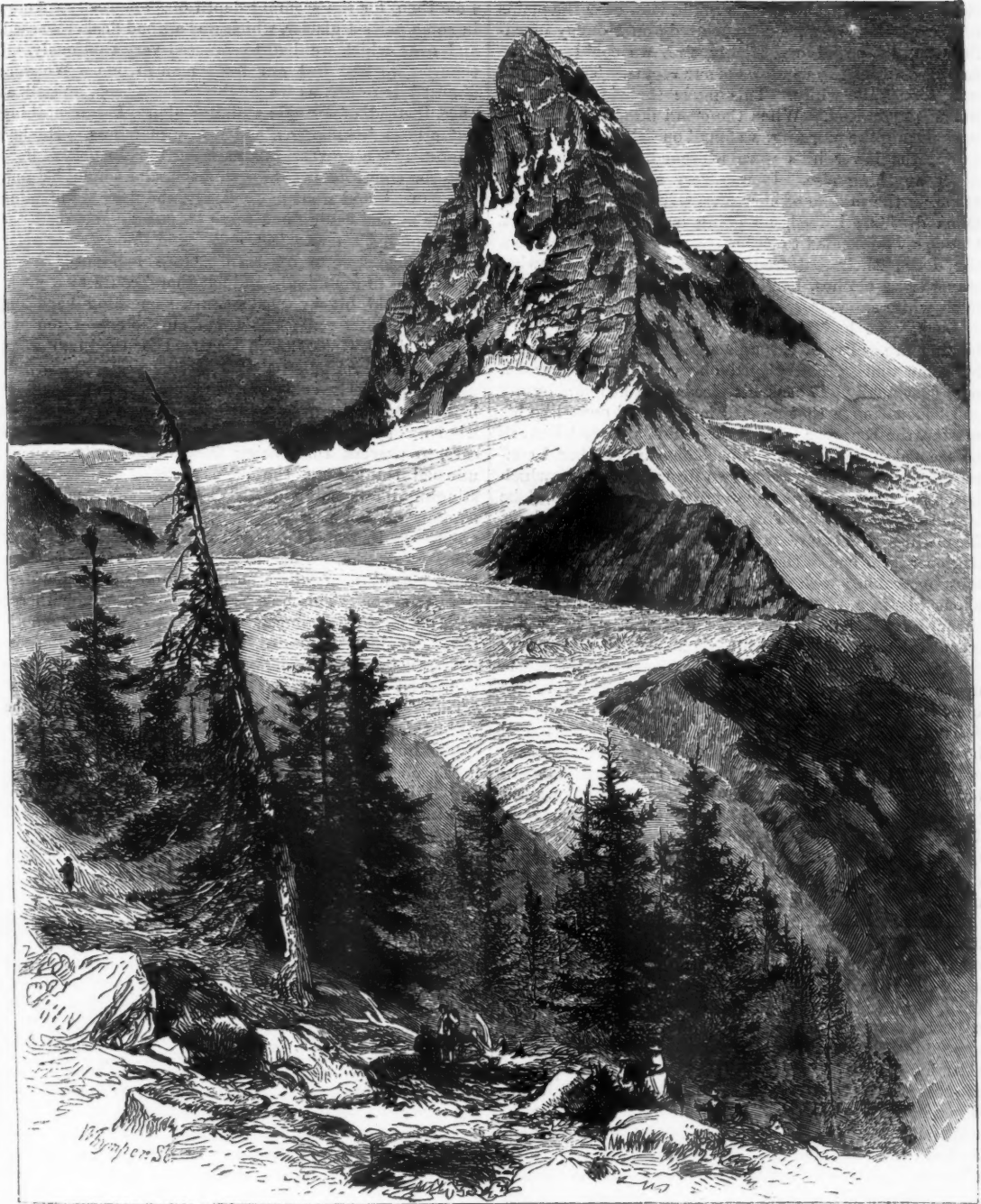
One morning we transferred ourselves and our traps from the hotel at the village to a solitary inn on the Riffel, a hill two hours' good walking above Zermatt; we passed on our way through a forest, and then came out on the clear shoulder of the mountain on which the house was perched. Here we secured bed-rooms, and, leaving our knapsacks, walked on to the summit of the Gorner Grat, a point between 9000 and 10,000 feet high, and standing in an amphitheatre of snowy mountains. The path up was wild and rough, great patches of snow lying among the stones, and fresh heaps of broken rocks succeeding one another, as on mounting each you thought you had reached the summit. At last we gained it, and a very positive unequivocal top it was. I hate those summits which are so large that you have to traverse them in order to reach the views. Here the cap of the mountain was a few yards wide, so that we could see the panorama by merely turning round. It is considered the grandest near view of high Alpine scenery. We sat there for some time, surrounded by peaks, passes, and glaciers. The heaped-up summits of Monte Rosa rose heavily above them all, its huge banks and slopes of snow looking so close beneath us, that it seemed possible to pitch a quoit upon them. But between the breast of the mountain and us, there flowed a river of ice, measuring miles across. Four glacier streams, marked by their lateral moraines, were joined together here, and seemed to sweep in a monstrous tide or race around the cliffs on which we stood, down into the valley behind us. So flood-like was the ice, that at first you could fancy you saw its masses heaved and rolled along. They were moving, it is true, and on a still day you might possibly have heard the ice waves groan and crack



MONTE ROSA AND THE GREAT GORNER GLACIER.

as the glacier ground its slow progress over the rocks; but when you looked steadily, all was motionless as death. Carrying the eye along to the right from the summit of Monte Rosa, it travelled over five snow mountains, and then making a slight dip, showed us the pass of St. Theodule—our road into Italy. After this came the impracticable Matterhorn, and then—; but there was no end to it. We turned round and round, able indeed to verify the summits from the mass before us, but feeling the distinction of names rather an impertinence than otherwise. Immediately behind us, as we looked towards the Pass of St. Theodule, was the Findelen glacier, in the crevasse of which a Russian gentleman perished miserably in 1859. One guide had crossed in safety, another was about to follow him, when he slipped into the crack; as the men looked over the horrible brink, they saw him far below, wedged in between two walls of ice, with his head down, waving his right arm, which was free, for help. They lowered their rope, but it did not reach his eager clutch. They ran to fetch another—for miles, for ages, it seemed. Five times did the hour hand of the prisoner's watch creep its tedious round, and all that while he waved his arm, slower, and slower, and slower—in dumb piteous entreaty—until at last it dropped.

Of course, when the tragedy was over, every one knew how it might have been averted, and the Chamouni guides were loud in their condemnation of the block-heads of Zermatt, who let their master die. Nothing is easier to do than the deeds which a rival has failed to perform, when the chance of doing them has passed.



THE MATTERHORN.

We picked up a fourth companion, F. at the Riffelberg. Captain W. had gone back some days before. On our descent to the inn we all stopped, and had a snow-balling match. Did you never feel how, when you have been under grand and solemn influences, nature is obliged to throw in a few gambols to restore the proper balance of seriousness and gaiety? What prigs those people are, who can't or won't ever unbend. I think a man ceases to be one when he cannot easily become a boy again, though it be only for an hour. When we got to the inn, we found a party just arrived from the top of

Monte Rosa: one of them was suffering rather from inflammation of his eyes; but they were all getting their tea very comfortably. 'Tea is a grand thing after an unusual exertion, when you can't get any dinner. These gentlemen said they had made a very successful ascent, the view over Italy being unclouded.

Next morning, which was Sunday, we got up with a pleasant prospect of rest. There was a little service twice in the inn, and we wandered about the rocks around it. We hoped to ascend the Ciman di Jazi the following day, and looked at it with an air of contingent

possession. This mountain is only four hours' walk from the Riffelberg inn, and gives a grand view over the plains of Italy. But we were disappointed; on Monday morning the snow fell so thickly that we could not see ten yards from the windows of our rooms. The ground was soon quite white. This made the view from our inn wintry indeed. When the cloud lifted, which it did once during the morning, we found ourselves in a world of snow; the lower hills were whitened, the higher were never anything else. It was very solemn that arctic scene, in the middle of harvest. Of course there was no Cima di Jazi; indeed, no going out with any comfort. One party descended to Zermatt: we watched them from the door; their battered knapsacks, and somewhat travel-worn clothes, looking very old and dirty in the fresh white snow.

Luckily we had plenty of wood, and so kept up a blazing fire. I read through an ancient newspaper left by some tourist, and played chess with a Frenchman, who continually put back his piece when he found by my subsequent move that he had made a bad one—like his master, the Emperor. However, I didn't correct him, as he seemed to be enjoying himself amazingly; but I contrived somehow to give him two drawn games, in which he might retrace his move as much as he liked, and be none the better for it. This settled him, and satisfied me. Meanwhile, the snow came down, and so did a foreign engineer from one of the ice passes, bringing an arctic atmosphere along with him, and creating a halo of mist about his face like the moon, when he sat down wet through to a hot dinner. We had scarcely recovered from the change of temperature he caused, when two more parties entered, hungry and cold. These nearly put the fire out, though J. kept possession of the bellows, and blew hard for an hour.

There was only one saloon in the inn, a roughish deal boarded apartment; so by this time we were getting crowded. Two or three German ladies who were there brought out their knitting, and worked their elbows and tongues. The males of their party lit their cigars. What, therefore, with this and the foggy engineer, we had a room full; but we were very merry, and when night set in, piled a great heap of logs upon the hearth, and played at Christmas.

Michel came to us in the evening with the prediction that it would be fine the next day, and that we should be prepared to cross the St. Theodule. He was right; early the following morning I woke myself; it was pitch dark, but I knew it was time to be stirring, and he soon crept into my room like a cat, which he sometimes did unaccountably, with the announcement that there was a clear hard frost. Having dressed ourselves as quickly as possible, and swallowed a hasty breakfast with our staves in our hands—for we had some forty miles to walk, and could lose no time—we set off to the glaciers which we had seen below us from the Gorner Grat. We took a Zermatt guide, who struck across the ice till he reached some rocks, which we had to climb on all-fours. When we had scaled them we found ourselves in a plain of snow into which our feet sank, much having fallen within the last few days. It was of the purest white, and lay over the huge gently-rounded shoulder of the mountain, as smooth as an unwrinkled mantle. Right across it, rising up as clean and sharply edged as a steeple seen over downs, rose Mount Cervin, glowing bright red in the sun, which had not yet reached us.

I shall never forget it. This obelisk, sticking up out of a vast swell of snow, looked like what I fancied, when I was a little boy, the North Pole must be, at the end of the round world—only a trifle rosier.

But I didn't trouble myself much about the North Pole then, for the seeming depth of snow really covered in some parts a glacier, which was a good deal crevassed, and over which we had to proceed very cautiously. I thought we had lost our front man in one. We were not tied together, as we ought to have been, and all at once, instead of a guide stalking along, I saw nothing but a head, a knapsack, and a pair of hands. He had slipped into a crevass, but, striking his alpenstock deep into the snow, hooked himself back, and scrambled out. We paused, and went more slowly, the first man feeling his steps, and calling out to us to put our feet into the prints of his. I was last, and found them rather deep when they came to my turn. Once I popped into a crevass up to my middle, and felt that I could kick about in space, and hit my toes against something hard and upright, like a wall; but I got out somehow, on my elbows, thank God, though I seemed for the moment all heart, and was a pulse.

It was bitterly cold; we wore veils, and the guides had worsted mits over their great rough hands. The wind was so keen that I tied a handkerchief over my ears, to prevent their being frost-bitten—not at all an unusual thing here, the little particles of loose snow stinging like small shot. When we had reached the summit of the pass, we found a hut into which we crept. It was about eight feet across, and so full of wood smoke that we had to sit down or be choked, there being a stratum of "breatheable" air only about four feet from the floor. This hole was kept by a brown, withered little old man, who immediately began to make us comfortable, by mulling some wine in a frying pan; when done, he poured it into a basin and handed it to us. Then F., who had been very quiet all the way up, broke silence. "That," said he, putting down the empty vessel, "is the right thing in the right place."

The hut on the St. Theodule is the highest habitation in Europe. Its walls are about six feet to the eaves, and it is almost pitch-dark inside. Without the cold was intense, and the glare of the snow blinding; this, of course, helped to make the interior more gloomy.

We rested here about three quarters of an hour, getting easily over the glacier in our descent. Breuil was the next place we stopped at, and made a capital lunch, all but J., who was out of sorts, but very pluckily insisted on doing the whole day's work.

Lunch over, we looked into Italy, and followed a stream down the Val Tournanche for several hours. Having stopped to rest for a few minutes, when we sat down outside a village inn, we pushed on to Châtillon, which we reached at eight o'clock. The descent into Italy is superb. From the summit of St. Theodule you look over a crowd of peaks towards Piedmont, and, standing in winter, behold summer beneath you.

The last part of our road led us under trellice work of vineyards, the grapes hanging in rich purple clusters over our heads. It was strange to pass through so great changes of climate during the day. In the morning, hard frost, icy wind, and a horizon of snow—except where broken by the bare cold rock. A walk for hours over glacier and winter drift. Then the soft air of an Italian valley—a harvest moon—great plates of peaches on the table at supper, and all the windows of the bedrooms set wide open to the pleasant evening breeze. We had stepped from December to July without taking our boots off, and yet we did not find the change in the least trying. Man accommodates himself to every sudden variation of temperature, as well as of climate; he can live with alligators in the steaming heat of a tropical river, or with reindeer among the icebergs

of Lapland; with camels or chamois. He can take an air-bath up to 160°, then have cold water pumped upon him and walk off only with a better appetite for his dinner, and quiet sense of refreshment.

We were now unmistakably in Italy. The character of the houses was changed—no more brown villages of weather-stained deal. The inn was thoroughly Italian; the shape of the loaves, the taste of the wine, the voice of the waiter were all different; so was the lounging, lazy look of the people who were sitting on the parapets of the town bridge, and strolling slowly about.

I was kept awake for some time by a roar outside my windows, like that of Piccadilly in the season, and, on getting up in the morning, found a torrent boiling along some sixty feet beneath, and so close that I emptied my basin into the very gorge down which it rushed.

I might have added, when we were at the top of the St. Theodule, that there is another famous pass from Zermatt into Italy by the Riffel and Gorner Grat, close by Monte Rosa, called the Weiss-Thor. It is, however, somewhat difficult for those who have doubts about their heads, since it lies, in one spot, along a narrow saddle of ice, where a false step to the right or left would slide you into death at frightful speed. The snow-passes into the Valais are, however, used by smugglers, it is said, in preference to others. We were examined by the custom-house officers when we descended from the St. Theodule; and close by the hut, on the summit of the Col, there are the remains of the redoubt thrown up three hundred years ago by the Valaisans, which marks that frontier of Switzerland—rather a useless labour, since the Alps do it distinctly. It is as if there were a row of buoys in the middle of the English Channel, to draw the line between us and the French.

MEN I HAVE KNOWN.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Or Southey I knew personally less than of any of his brother poets of "The Lake School." He was not often, nor long in town, and latterly, when he did visit London, was much engaged with friends, and courted by society. But he was too worthy of his fame to allow himself to be made a show of; and very few fashionable parties succeeded in obtaining his company. What I saw of him was in private circles, and chiefly at the Rev. Dr. Hughes's, in Amen Corner, where he was very intimate, and at home amid congenial intercourse. In conversation he was gentlemanlike and unassuming; often with something of an air of business, but always communicating from his own vast stores of valuable intelligence, to interest and enrich the minds of his gratified hearers. He, however, joined little in general conversation, or when meeting any strangers. Only when two or three intimate companions formed the small circle, was he fluent and lavish of his powers.

In his lifetime Southey bore the brunt of much bitter criticism, and after death his memory has been overlaid with reviews, memoirs, and biographies. My humble task is simply to give a few traits, which may help the reader to form a just estimate of his character.

How he was born at Bristol, and educated at Westminster, with two years at Oxford, I leave, in all detail, to be dealt with by the biographical regulars. He does not belong to me till long after he has finished his travels in Spain and Portugal, held some official secretaryship in Ireland, and made himself notorious by the publication of "Wat Tyler," and other startling Jacobin effusions. His fierce democracy having rejected the church as a

profession, he within a few years adopted the hazardous line of Letters, abjured his youthful politics, and became one of the most distinguished champions of Tory principles, and an unwearied supporter of Church and State. And so much had he proved his metal, that in 1813 he was made Poet Laureate, and wrote a Lay on the Marriage of the Princess Charlotte, the then "Hope of England." Alas! the day, when political animosities raged more angrily than now, and it was tauntingly written, "The laurel which the king gives, we are credibly informed, has nothing at all in common with that which is bestowed by the Muses; and the Prince Regent's warrant is absolutely of no authority in the Court of Apollo." If this be the case, it follows that a Poet Laureate has no sort of precedence among poets, whatever may be his place among pages and clerks of the kitchen. When he takes state, therefore, from his office, he really is guilty of as ludicrous a blunder as the worthy American Consul in one of the Hans Towns, who painted the Roman fasces on the pannel of his buggy, and insisted on calling his foot-boy and clerk his lictors. He should rest satisfied with the salary and sherry and safe obscurity of his predecessors." I can vouch for the Laureate laughing heartily at this satirical attack. He was not of the excessively irritable nature to be disturbed by small matters: it was only when thoroughly roused by larger provocation, that he entered the field with all his energy, and fought the battle out with unflinching determination. The most memorable proof of this is supplied by his fierce conflict with Lord Byron, in which the combatants spared no offensive coutumely or injurious aspersion which their angry feelings could engender and their mastery of words express. Their antipathy to each other seemed to be innate and irrepressible. Lord Byron challenged the fight in his famous "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," where the "Ballad-monger Southey," rhyming to "mouthey," was pursued with bitter satire, and his "Joan of Arc," "Thalaba," "Madoc," and other productions, held up to contemptuous ridicule. He must have been less than a poet, who could endure this, and the grosser attacks which followed; and Southey was not the person to submit to it. In the "Vision of Judgment" a furious retort appeared; and the appellation of the Satanic School was fastened upon Byron, Shelley, and their associates and imitators.

From this it will be seen that Southey could entertain very strong resentments, and indeed, I am inclined to think, that though mild and placable enough where there was no great amount of opposition or offence, he was not very likely to forget annoyance, or fail to give the culprit a rub with the rough side of his pen, whenever an opportunity occurred. Francis Jeffrey was one of his aversions, and there was no love lost between them. Altogether, though not what has been called a "good hater," Southey had enough of gall in him to adopt the Scotch thistle for his armorial bearings, and either its appropriate legend, or *Noli me tangere* for the motto.

I must now, however, resume my more pacific remarks, and, looking at Southey and his career as a whole, offer my judgment, that he must be esteemed by posterity the most eminent, especial, and complete Representative Man of the professional literature of his day, or of the nineteenth century. For between forty and fifty years he devoted himself entirely to literature as a profession. There is no one to compare with him in the magnitude and wide scope of his undertakings, and the extent and diversity of his productions. Scott and Bulwer Lytton alone stand on a level with him in the

variety of his subjects, and his manner, in verse and prose, of treating them. There is hardly a species of composition in which these three have not distinguished themselves, from the imposing epic, to the lyric ballad, and from philosophy, history, and biography, to the novel, drama, and essay; some, more or less in one branch, than in another; but all displaying genius, verging closely upon the universal.

Systematically did Southey pursue his incessant labours, and with a success which ranked him among the most important writers in contemporary influence, and an author hardly second to the highest as a standard English classic. Still forced to the wheel for subsistence, (for he had surrendered, the moment he could live without it, a generous annual gift of £150 from his friend Mr. W. W. Wynn, and did not get his pension of £300 till 1835), still toiling, as I may say, for bread, at serial writing and reviewing, which leaves no name, his ambition prompted him to soar above mere publishers' work, and remuneration from periodicals, and he dashed into the upper regions of imagination, and there maintained a long and arduous struggle for posthumous honour. And here let me remark, that these great efforts were made under very discouraging circumstances. They were all for fame—not for the pocket. Only think of the hours and days of methodical application, mental exertion, and the patient elaboration of skill and polish; and to have the expenditure of so much zeal and energy rewarded with (what shall I repeat?) about thirty pounds for "Madoc," with the refusal of the whole trade to undertake the "Curse of Kehama," and "Thalaba," so unreluctant that the poet was obliged to confess, "If I cannot get five hundred subscribers, 'Kehama' can have no Curse in English, and if I produce 'Thalaba' at my own risk, I must starve!" The truth is, that these lofty attempts either did not suit the times, or were too verbose and vapid in production, to gain public attention; yet they contain many fine passages, which will be cited hereafter, when the faults which repelled popular taste will be fairly scanned. Southey was a party man, and wrote most ably in the cause he espoused. Political writers trying their strength in other lines, and still more when venturing through the Cyclopædia of Letters, seldom have justice done to them in their own era.

For the many years I have indicated, Southey occupied a large space in the public eye, and the influence of his pen was felt on almost every great question that agitated the people, and involved the interests of the country. Ably did he proclaim, when occasion threatened anarchy, "The loss of liberty is the penalty which has been paid for the abuse of it." And time wrought its moderating process upon his mind. For, though the axiom that men grow hard-hearted as they grow older, may be true, it is only true of the vulgarly worldly and sordid. In better natures, the soul is attempted to a grateful sense by years, and time strengthens the kindly, and abates the angry feelings. Age does not chill, but concentrates the warmth. It refuses to nourish revengeful passions, and in the contemplation of its own declining state, is prone to extend the hand of brotherhood to mankind, to forget and forgive, to seek and accept the help it needs, and, in return, offer its best endeavours to promote all the happiness within the sphere of its lessening powers. Such is the true philosophy of Age—saying nothing of higher religious guidance—and it is a blessed thing to live to the end in peace and good-will with the world; the storms all over, and the haven of rest in sight, in harmony with all around, and a bright ray of evening sunshine

illuminating the voyage. Had reason remained at this crisis with Southey, his spirit, gradually softening more and more into mildness, would, I am persuaded, have displayed a spectacle of this beautiful description; but it was not to be: a deeper shadow obscured the light of his latter days.

Of his own powers, his estimate was as clear and just as in any other instance within my observation. He had a reliant, but not exaggerated conviction of his mental capability, and he gave to indefatigable labour the credit of all that he accomplished. "My means lie in an inkstand," was his truism, even when expressing his ambition to leave the daily needful provision out for a while, and assert his "consciousness that he laboured for posterity." He was of opinion that his prose was solid—occasionally it was a little prolix—and that, if playful at all, he was mostly so in his effusions in verse. Perhaps this distinction might arise in some measure from an inclination to mystify the world with anonymous productions, and even try conclusions with his friends and associates under assumed and foreign colours. "Es-priella's Letters on Spain" afforded a curious example of this kind. The first large edition was exhausted in ten days. The critical press resounded with praise of the illustrious unknown Spanish author. The secret was divulged, and the second edition fell flat and dead on the hands of the publishers! I believe, notwithstanding the merits being still the same, fifty copies were not sold after the home production was confessed. But his fondness for a piece of tricking in this way might be better shown by his imposing his "March to Moscow" on the editor of the "Sun" newspaper as the composition of a Mr. Sayer, an official in the Tower. It made a noise at the time, and years elapsed before the real writer was known. Again and again had

"The fields been green, and the sky been blue,
Since the pleasant excursion to Moscow,"

followed by the utter desolation of the disastrous retreat, when the terrible interest of the subject compelled thousands, who would not have read six lines of "Madoc," to listen to Mr. Sayer's homely rhymes as he described the disasters of Napoleon, and told how—

"They made the place too hot for him,
For they set fire to Moscow!"

"The Russians they stuck close to him,
All on the road from Moscow.
They stuck to them with all their might;
They were on the left, and on the right,
Behind and before, and by day and by night."

Another *jeu d'esprit* was a clever and ludicrous burlesque of Byron's misanthropy, a pretended lay about a "Miss Ann Thrope," for writing which

"His paper was sable, and so was his wax,
And his pen was the quill of a crow."

But that his muse was not always sportive, and that he could be bitter enough without levity, his lines on his relative, John Southey, who disappointed him of an anticipated bequest, is rather strong proof.

Of his devoted industry in the service of literature, his correspondence, and "The Doctor," a marvellous collection of memoranda, full of curious matter, made during his half-century of authorship, furnish ample proof. It would have required an age to work these miscellaneous materials into reviews and articles for the periodical press; unappropriated as they are, they are exceedingly pleasant and instructive, display the devouring extent of Mr. Southey's reading, as well as an aptitude for humour, which did not exist, or was not detected in the mass of his publications. But whether his pen was the quill of a crow, of a swan, of a porcupine, or

of a goose, assuredly he wielded it daily and diligently, and highly and truly did he appreciate the value of the instrument when he wrote to Lord Brougham, "The time is come in which Governments can no more stand without pens to support them than without bayonets." If it were so thirty years ago, when this was written, what is it now, when the power and influence of the press have so enormously increased?

Yet the press must stop; the toils of the author of "Wat Tyler" and "The Curse of Kehama," the biographer of Wesley and of Nelson, the severe critic and the laudatory laureate, come to the certain finis. And as he approached that period, he performed an act, which has been, to my mind, somewhat misrepresented and, upon the data laid down, unfairly censured by the filial editor of his "Life and Correspondence." It seems to me that a resentful spirit against the lady who became his second wife led to imputations upon her conduct by no means deserved; in short, an ebullition of anger, founded on partial views, and seriously unjust. And when I recollect that the object of this attack was Katherine Bowles, one of England's most tender and graceful poets, I am the more inclined to give what I have known in the matter publicity.

I refrain, however, from introducing more than one single incident, which happened two days before the marriage. Southey, as was his custom in the afternoon, lay down on a sofa for his siesta, Miss B. sitting quietly by. From this he suddenly started, and terrified his poor bride by wild ravings about their wedding day, and incoherent descriptions of what he had been dreaming. The amazed lady was so painfully alarmed, that she deemed it her duty to communicate the circumstances to, and seek the advice of, Admiral Sir H. R. Nagle, her neighbour, relative, and friend. There was consequently considerable discussion; but matters had been carried so far that the die was cast, and it was decided to abide the result. On the following Monday, the Admiral gave her away, and nothing in the slightest degree questionable having intervened, the "happy pair," as the newspapers have it, proceeded to the Isle of Wight, (as an illustrious prince has since done), to spend their honeymoon. They returned to Keswick by way of London, where his son says that the debility of his mind (I think, from recollection, rather exaggerated,) excited great commiseration. At Keswick the confusion of his intellect increased, and mental alienation finally dropped the curtain on a twelve-month's apparently unconscious dream. Certainly not the cause of this melancholy catastrophe, his suffering wife had for three years to endure the hostile censures of his son and two unmarried daughters, and he calumniated for making an "idiot" of the man she had almost adored, and whose process towards that sad condition neither began with, nor was accelerated by her. And this unvarnished tale was her sole defence. As such I give it to the world. A pension of £200 relieved her from poverty, and she survived her husband ten or twelve years.

An immense and curious library might partly account for the expenditure which left a widow without provision, but Southey's income was never large: the laureateship, I think was valued at less than a hundred a year; he might generally receive four hundred for four reviews in the "Quarterly," but his contributions to other periodicals brought no considerable additions. Such works as the "Peninsular War" demanded much labour, and I know of no other to approach a tithe of the thousand pounds remuneration for that, and his pension of £300 did not commence till 1835. So the brain was worn out, and the poet died.

THE ICE TRADE.

In this country the use of ice, either in combination with delicious confections as an article of luxury, or for the preservation of animal food, is a comparatively modern innovation. Our forefathers were content to salt down anything which they wanted to preserve; and for centuries the population of England lived during the winter upon salted viands, because there was not fodder enough in the land to feed the flocks and herds in stalls, while the pastures yielded nothing and the ground was covered with snow. Our improved systems of agriculture enable us to dispense with the salted meats, which were the originating causes of many painful and fatal diseases; and by means of our icehouses we can preserve fish, game, or anything we choose, for an almost indefinite period. The popular and domestic appreciation of the value of ice is increasing year by year, and the traffic in the article keeps pace with it. The demand for ice has in fact given rise to a system of ice-poaching among a certain class of the poor in large towns, and the owners of ponds, streams, and water-courses, have been compelled to use severe restrictions against them. Still, there are free waters enough to furnish occupation for a round number of ice-gatherers in frosty weather. Accordingly, no sooner has the frost glazed the standing pools to the depth of half an inch, than the ice-harvest begins; men, women, and children are seen stripping the ponds, canals, and stagnant ditches of their glassy coating, and carrying it off in every kind of conveyance they can obtain, or, wanting anything better, in baskets upon their heads. The trade in home ice is, however, a very speculative business, and one for which no rule is applicable. There may be plenty of ice before Christmas, and it may happen that there shall be none after; or, on the other hand, there may be none worth the gathering until January or February. If a dealer refuse the first harvest, and wait for the last, and should then be disappointed, he must have recourse to the importers, who will supply it at treble the rate he would have paid to the home gatherers. In the neighbourhood of London the ice-product of certain sheets of water is sometimes purchased as a speculation—the buyer taking all or none, as it may happen, and perhaps paying a smart sum for nothing at all.

Of the foreign ice that is sold by the London dealers, and usually called "Wenham Lake Ice," as if it were brought from Wenham Lake, in America, the largest proportion comes from Norway, whence it can be procured at a much less cost for carriage. There is not nearly enough brought from America to supply the demands of average years; and were it not for the Norwegian produce the supply would fall lamentably short. Unlike our native ice, the ice of northern countries is of massive thickness when taken from the water, and the business of procuring it is one of considerable labour and some risk. The first thing to be done is to clear away the snow from the surface; then, the ice being swept clean, a large square, perhaps as broad as the area of Westminster Hall, is trenched round with ice axes, often to the depth of five or six feet, the men working in the trench, and shovelling out the fragments as they go, and piling them at the side. While one party is thus making the trench—taking care to preserve enough of the lower surface unbroken to bear their weight—another party divide the central area into small squares, each large enough to form a load for a sledge, simply by scraping the ice to the depth of an inch or two with an iron tool. The trench being completed all round the mass, the bottom of it is broken away with iron bars; and a number

of men, mounting the swimming bulk, range themselves in line, and, striking simultaneously with their ice-axes along the narrow furrow marked out, soon succeed in detaching a long slip of ice from the mass—the ice breaking as readily upon concussion as glass does after it has been scratched by the glazier's diamond. The long slip is divided into squares by the same means, and these are then hauled on shore up an inclined plane of ice-blocks, or it may be of iron rails, and are carried on sledges to the ice-houses for storing, or to the wharves for shipping.

Ice thus obtained in America has been shipped in entire cargoes to the hottest climates in the world, and there are Americans who have accumulated fortunes by dealing in such merchandise. While traversing the tropics, much of the cargo must of course vanish under the influence of the sun; it is found, however, that the loss from this cause is rarely so much as a third of the entire weight, and what remains sells for a price which is more than sufficiently remunerative for the outlay incurred. The first exportations of American ice to the East Indies took place about thirty years ago; and the shipments of ice to Calcutta are now as regular as the trade in any other species of merchandise. The East Indies, however, have a trade in ice—the production of their own climate. Although the heats are so great on the vast plains of Hindostan, it is yet a fact that at certain seasons of the year the temperature of the "hill-country" falls at night below the freezing point. Advantage is taken of this, to expose small quantities of water in shallow vessels to the action of the cold, and thus thin films of ice are produced: these are carefully collected in the early morning, and numbers of them being compressed into a single block, the blocks are laid up in ice-houses excavated in the ground, and preserved for use. The Indian ice-grounds, as may be imagined, yield but a scant supply in return for a great deal of labour; and were it not that labour can be obtained in India at almost a nominal price, they would yield none at all.

There is no other country in the world where the ice-trade flourishes so well as it does in Russia. With the Englishman ice may be a superfluity or a luxury, which he can do very well without; but with the Russian it is an absolute necessity of life. In St. Petersburg, every dwelling, not only of the rich, but of the middle and humbler classes, contains its ice-house, and the first care of the housekeeper, when winter sets in, is to see that the ice-cellar is carefully re-stocked with blocks sufficient to last out the following summer; for she feels that there is nothing which would inflict upon her so much chagrin and domestic trouble as a want of ice in the hot weather. The St. Petersburg houses are enormously large, often containing scores of families, and the receptacles for ice have to be of proportionate size. It has been calculated that fifty sledge-loads of ice are a moderate average for each cellar—that there are at least ten thousand ice-cellars scattered throughout the city—and that, consequently, there must be five hundred thousand sledge-loads of ice drawn out of the Neva every winter to serve the domestic consumption alone. This, however, is but a part of the traffic; the wine-dealers, the brewers, the distillers, the fishmongers, the butchers, the quass-makers, and other trades consume incalculable quantities, storing their magazines with hundreds of loads, all of which will be wanted in the ensuing season. The labour of cutting the blocks of ice from the river, and conveying it to the cellars of the inhabitants, furnishes employment for thousands of persons, and throughout the winter processions of ice-laden sledges may be seen traversing the streets, and penetrating to all quarters of the city.

The enormous consumption of ice in St. Petersburg

is the consequence of the tremendous heats which prevail during the summer, when it is never dark for months together—the sun barely dipping beneath the horizon when the days are at the shortest. At this season the necessity for cooling drinks is imperative, and they are in demand everywhere; iced beverages, flavoured in every conceivable way, are constantly cried about the streets, and everything which is drank within doors or without, be it water, wine, beer, spirits, or even tea, is served to the drinker with lumps of ice floating in it. The ice that is thus drunk, however, is a mere fraction compared to the quantity which is required for preserving purposes. But for the ice-houses, it would be impossible in the summer to keep fish, game, or butchers' meat, even for a single day; for though in the winter these animal provisions are frozen to the hardness of stones, and the only method of dividing them is that of sawing them into lumps, their decomposition in summer is so rapid that they cannot be exposed in the market, save in contact with ice. The filling and the arrangement of a Russian ice-house, especially in a large establishment, is an important business: the ice is packed as tightly as possible, and rammed firm after being broken small, so that it may freeze again to the shape of the cellar; at the same time, deep recesses are shaped to hold meat and fish, and ice-shelves are put up for the reception of milk or other fluids requiring to be cooled. In a well-kept ice-house, the lower mass of ice is never thawed or broken into, but remains solid from year to year.

Much has been written concerning the construction of ice-houses, and various opinions have been expressed as to the best sites than can be selected for them. Some of the American dealers and exporters of ice, keep their stores above ground in buildings erected in some shady place. In England, cellars are mostly preferred, and in Russia the cellar appears to be universal. The object being to preserve the ice from the access of warm air, a plan is pretty generally followed, which is found to answer that purpose best: the ice-house, whether it be above or below the ground, is made in the form of an inverted cone, with masonry of brick or stone, and having a draining vent at the bottom, so contrived as to carry the drainage clear off. The masonry which incloses the ice is surrounded by another mass of masonry at a sufficient distance to allow of free access to the interior. The entrance to the inner chamber is on the opposite side to the entrance to the outer one, and whoever goes in, closes the first door before opening the second. Precautions are taken that the doors fit close, to exclude the outer temperature. In ice-houses above ground, the roofs are covered thick with straw, felt, and matting, and sometimes a third inclosure of masonry or earth-work surrounds the ice-chamber. The retailers of ice for domestic consumption in this country sell portable ice-chambers made on the same general principle, having a drainage-shelf for the ice to rest upon, and inner receptacles for storing it away.

In the absence of natural ice for the many purposes to which it is now applied, artificially made ice is often made use of. For more than a century the Russians have made artificial ice, though by what means does not appear; such ice is, however, even now produced in St. Petersburg when the hoarded stocks seem likely to fall short. Within the last few years, machines for the manufacture of ice have been introduced, not only in this country but in the Australian colonies, where ice is not produced naturally in any quantities, and the machine-made ice is the only sort that can be obtained. Many of our readers will remember the machines worked

by steam, making ice in large quantities at the International Exhibition, in the presence of crowds, and in an atmosphere of some ninety degrees. Machines of this kind differ in some minor particulars, but are alike in principle. The freezing agent is brine reduced to a temperature considerably below that at which fresh water will freeze. The brine is brought to this low temperature by contact with a vessel in which ether is constantly evaporating; thus cooled, it is sent to circulate through an inclined water-tight trough, in which are immersed, nearly to the brim, a number of thin metal moulds containing fresh water. The cold brine chills the metal moulds, and freezes their contents into solid ice; the blocks of ice are thus in a manner cast, and are removed from the moulds as fast as they are produced. As the brine flows onward to the end of the long trough, it rises in temperature, so that the moulds last visited by it are long in freezing. The steam power is employed in producing a vacuum and condensing the ether, which is thus made to do its refrigerating work over and over again with very little loss by waste. Ice may be formed in this way in any quantity, and, where large quantities are required, at comparatively little cost. But such ice differs greatly from the natural ice; it is but semi-transparent, and resembles compressed snow rather than solid crystals; it will not remain solid nearly so long as the natural ice, but rapidly melts away, and in all probability any quantity of it would speedily vanish if stored in a cellar: still, as it can be produced with great ease, and answers all the purposes of natural ice so long as it endures, the process of forming it is one of great value. It is interesting to inquire what prospect there is of domesticating such a contrivance as this. Will the ice-making machine ever become so reduced in bulk, or so simplified in construction, and so easily manageable, as to form one of the appliances of the kitchen? And will cook, who lights her fire to boil the kettle, also light her fire to fabricate the ice which is to cool her summer confections and render them more delicious to the palate? Less probable things have come to pass.

SLEDGE TRAVELLING IN RUSSIA.

SLEDGING for amusement has been often described in prose and verse—never better than in the American lay of "The Bells:—"

"Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells."

A less poetical sledging scene is depicted in our Coloured Illustration of this month, which represents a party of St. Petersburg merchants in a Troika, on the Quai du Palais d'Hiver. In the back-ground, across the Neva, is seen the fortress, with the spire, familiar in all views of St. Petersburg. The picture is by Nicholas Swertchkof, of the Imperial Academy, a Russian artist whose pictures were justly admired in the International Exhibition.

BALDE'S SHADOW SONG.

Written on the Death of Leopoldina, Empress of Austria, 1849.

Ah, what are men, and what are we?
Like smoke we vanish, fade and flee;
Vainly earth's children breathe their breath,
Life is ended by merciless death.

Leopoldina lives no more,
She heard not the cry of the child she bore:
O, most tearful and sorrowful death,
Buying the babe with the mother's breath.

Summer whetted his sickles keen,
And mowed the life of the gentle queen;
Golden ear, fanned by imperial breath,
Hast thou indeed been reaped by death?

Just as the vulgar nettle died,
The royal grain must bow in its pride,
Swept to the garner of hungry death,
After its flayment of life and breath.

The bubble floats down the quiet stream,
And the young rose fades like an evening dream;
Fleet is the blossom, and fleet its breath,
Clutched by the rapid finger of death.

Full in his reach the crystal stands,
It broke at the touch of his bony hands;
O clumsy, unmannerly death!
O fading and youthful breath!

Weep for her sore in the Kaiser's Hall,
Fairer than morning, fairer than all;
Empty shadow, vanishing breath,
Ghastly spectre, pale-hearted death.

Thou who hearest our choral strain,
Shalt mingle soon with our shadowy train;
With swift, sudden wing moves the angel of breath,
But faster the confident arrows of death.

The feet advancing light and fast
Are drawn by ruder hands at last;
Led gently onwards by fate's still breath,
Then dragged away by relentless death.

What thou art, we have been; what we are, thou shalt be;
We lead—thou must follow us speedily;
Fleets swiftly forward the phantom of breath,
Close on her footsteps the archer, death.

Rich or poor, it concerns no more,
When the life they lived is spent and o'er;
When fate overturns the frail phial of breath,
The threads of existence are severed by death.

The hoarded silver finds disdain,
A hundred crowns would gleam in vain;
The sceptre meets the clod's dull breath,
Strange laughter rattles the pale teeth of death.

The vile and the lovely together must lie,
One sepulchre waits for their dust when they die;
The weeds and the lilies are reaped in a breath,
And the violets fade with the thistles of death.

The hut is forsaken, deserted the hall,
One by one we are gathered all;
Fate issues her orders with absolute breath,
And no one can gainsay inflexible death.

Not one of a thousand has conquered his doom,
For you are preparing the shroud and the tomb;
Pass on to your destiny, breathers of breath,
For us, we obey the apparitor—death.

Then, fare thee well, on this brief scene,
A shadow now, and once a queen;
Go, thou art freed from the sorrows of breath,
Rescued for ever and ever by death.

Rise, past the smoke of camps and wars,
Beyond the clouds, above the stars,
To regions unknown to the children of breath,
Far less to the stricken and terrified death.

Thence looking down on the world below,
Thy feet on the sun and moon shall go;
Sweet sounds a voice from the still, clear skies,
Winter is over, and darkness dies.

Rise, fair bride, and come away,
Come to the altars of endless day;
The cross and the shower have passed with the night;
Yonder for ever and ever is light.

Varieties.

SOURCE OF THE NILE.—The mystery of the source of the Nile has at length been solved by Captains Speke and Grant, of the expedition sent out by the Royal Geographical Society. The "White Nile," as the main stream is called, takes its rise in the great lake Nyanza, south of the Equator.

CAPE RACE.—Cape Race, which is so often mentioned now in connection with our intercourse with the United States, is the south-eastern point of Newfoundland, and is the nearest point to Europe. The North Transatlantic steamers pass near there on their way to and from the United Kingdom and the United States. There is a telegraphic communication between Cape Race and New York. The distance by water is about 900 miles, and upwards of 1000 miles by land. Outward-bound steamers carry out epitomes of English news in tin cases attached to floats, which are thrown overboard off Cape Race, and are picked up by boats, taken ashore, and the epitomes are telegraphed to New York three days before the outward packets can reach that port. Sometimes these cases are not found, and occasionally captains of steamers refuse to communicate with Cape Race, and carry on their news to New York or Boston, for the sake of the *éclat* and interest the bearers of important news excite. Steamers, as they leave North America and pass Cape Race on their way to England, receive there American telegrams, with three days' later news to bring to this country. Sometimes the darkness of night and rough weather prevent these telegrams from being put on board the steamers. In the winter months vessels dare not approach the coast, for fear of fogs and icebergs. It was thus that the "Anglo-Saxon" steamer was lost early this season.

SYDENHAM'S COUNSELS TO MEDICAL MEN.—All men giving themselves to medicine should lay to heart these four things. First, that they must one day render to the Supreme Judge of the manner in which they have dealt with the lives of those committed to their care. Second, that they should disdain to make their high and honourable calling subserve the mean uses of avarice and ambition. Third, that they should realize the dignity of human nature, that material in which their work lay, by remembering that the only begotten Son of God, in becoming man, ennobled by his own majesty the nature he assumed. Fourth, that the sense of their own frailty and mortality should prevail with them to use all diligence and the most tender affection towards their fellow-sufferers.—*Sydenham's "Observationes Medice."*

A GOOD MORRO.—Lady Vere, the wife of Horatio Vere, Baron of Tilbury, an illustrious general who flourished in the reigns of James I and Charles I, lost her mother only three days after her birth, and when about eight years of age her father also died. Thus early was she left an orphan; but when bereaved of both her parents, so graciously had she been preserved and maintained in her infancy and early years, as well as in her subsequent life, by the providence of Him who is the Father of the fatherless, that she chose for her motto the words *God will provide*. This motto, so effectual as a means, when duly realized, for banishing distracting cares, and for producing calm trust in the providence of God in the most distressing outward circumstances, she wrote upon most of the books in her library.—*Memorable Women of the Puritan Times.*

IMPORTING TIGERS IN JAPAN.—A Dutch subject residing in Japan imported a couple of tigers for the purposes of exhibition, but here, as in all other novelties, there was an impediment to be got over on the part of the Japanese authorities. Whether they objected because tigers were not in "the tariff," or on some other equally valid ground, certain it is they did object; and as the importer was a Dutch subject, it became a matter of discussion with the Dutch consul, who solved the difficulty with great readiness. When the Japanese custom-house and the consul seemed to have come to a dead-lock, the question arose what was to be done with the article. The custom-house would not pass it, the ship could not take it back. What was to be done with the beautiful beast? "Oh, very well," said the consul, seeing it was time to make a last stroke for his countryman's merchandise, "since you say it is impossible to allow it to be entered and sold, there is nothing left but for the merchant to lose his money, and let the beast

out." "Let it loose!" exclaimed the officials, in various tones of horror and dismay, "why, it will eat us all up." "Really, I don't know; perhaps he is not very hungry; but in any case I cannot compel the merchant to keep him." It is superfluous to add that all interdict on his sale was soon removed, and instead of making a meal of the Japanese, he served as a feast to the eyes of thousands in the different cities, at so many cash per head.—*The Capital of the Tycoon.*

INDIAN RAILWAYS.—The following is a list of railways actually open at this time:—The "East India" Railway is now open from Calcutta to Benares, and from Allahabad to Agra. The "Madras" Railway is open from Madras completely across the Peninsula to Bellore on the Malabar coast. "The Great Indian Peninsula" Railway is open from Bombay, in one direction, to Bhoisal; in another, to Sholapore; but there are breaks on each line at the ghats, or passes from the low country to the high table-land, which have not yet been surmounted, though the works for that purpose are far advanced. "The Great Southern of India" is open from Negapatam to Trichinopoly. "The Bombay, Baroda, and Central India," is open from Bula to Ahmedabad. "The Eastern Bengal," from Calcutta to Khooshta, opposite Pubna. "The South-Eastern," from Calcutta to the new port on the Malabar coast. "The Great Indian Peninsula" line from Kurrachee to Kotree, opposite Hyderabad, on the Indus; and "Punjab" Railway from Lahore to Umritsur. The line connecting Allahabad with Bombay (*via* Jubbulpore) is in progress, as is the Bellary or North-West line from Madras. The passenger traffic on all the lines is active and increasing. The total number of miles of railway now open for traffic is 2400, and 2000 are in progress.

THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH, DAUGHTER OF GEORGE III.—Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson, of London, lately sold by auction the library of her late Royal Highness the Princess Elizabeth, Landgravine of Hesse-Homburg, the third daughter of George III, and one of the aunts of Queen Victoria. She was born in 1770; and in 1818 she married Frederick-Joseph-Lewis-Charles-Augustus, Landgrave of Hesse-Homburg. Her library seems to have been pretty extensive, consisting of very miscellaneous books, gathered together by various accidents—some rare and curious; not a few splendid books of engravings; and some, manuscripts, illuminated or illustrated. She would seem also to have been really fond of books—as many or most have her autograph signature in them, while in not a few there are curious autograph notes, stating from whom she received the book (generally from one of her sisters, or some lady at court), or otherwise recording some fact or impression concerning it. In a copy of "Alison's Sermons," printed at Edinburgh, 1814, there is this note in the Princess's hand: "Sent me from Scotland, by dear Lady Cathcart, in the spring of 1814." In a copy of the English Bible, printed at Cambridge, 1796-98, there is this entry: "Given me by my mother, December 28th, 1806. Eliza;" and again this, opposite chap. xiv. of St. John's Gospel: "This beautiful chapter I read this morning, April 9, 1829, the moment after I had paid my last visit to my angel husband in his coffin; greatly have I been supported in my affliction, and I have thoroughly felt the blessing of religion; too thankful to God I can never be." In a copy of Bunyan's "Heart's Ease in Heart Trouble," there is the note, "Given me by Augusta, October 10th, 1815; Windsor Castle." In a copy of "Mason on Self-Knowledge" is written by the Princess, "This book was given me by Mama, December 7th, 1792. This book makes me always feel most humble and most happy." In another earlier copy of the same book, a withered rose is placed between the leaves. In a copy of Sturm's "Morning Communings with God" are some ivy leaves—with the note, "Ivy leaves from Bushey, Windsor, Bagshot, Frogmore, given me by the dear Queen, Augusta, and Mary, whilst I was in England in 1830 and 1831;" and, in a copy of the late Archbishop Sumner's "Practical Exposition of the Gospel according to St. John," in which many passages are marked, occurs this note, "Given me by my dear sister, Augusta. A more beautiful, interesting, and valuable book never was written; and may God in his mercy make me the better for it! It has been of essential use to me in the hours of trial, and ever made me tremble in prosperity."

* * A New Tale by the Author of "Danesbury House," "A Life Secret," etc., will be commenced in July. Price of Monthly Part, 6d.; price of each Number, 1d.; or with Coloured Illustration, 2d.

tones
eally,
any
uper-
oved,
as a
many

usually
open
The
s the
t In-
direc-
reaks:
o the
ough
Great
popoli.
Bulsa
ca to
Cal-
as is
ydra-
re to
(vid
West
es is
ilway

III.—
d by
ncess
ghter
She
seph-
Her
very
nts—
grav-
She
many
not a
n she
some
ssion
ed at
and:
pring
ridge,
, De-
o. xiv.
this
y last
been
t the
, In
ere is
Wind-
e' is
fama,
most
same
copy
e ivy
ndsor,
gusta,
nd, in
sition
sages
sister,
book
e the
hours

price

Shilling Books for Leisure Hours.

NOW READY.

REMARKABLE ADVENTURES FROM REAL LIFE.

CONTENTS :

MY ADVENTURES WITH GRISLY BEARS
IN CALIFORNIA AND OREGON.
STOPPED ON THE HIGHWAY.
AN ADVENTURE IN CHINA.
LOST IN THE WOODS.
ADVENTURE WITH SPANISH SMUGGLERS.
A LADY'S ADVENTURE DURING AN IN-
UNDATION OF THE RHONE.
A NIGHT AMONG CHINESE PIRATES.
ADVENTURES IN THE NICOBAR ISLANDS.
A FEMALE CRUSOE.
AN ADVENTURE IN THE DESERT.
LOST ON THE FELS.
NARROW ESCAPE FROM A SNAKE-BITE.

AN ADVENTURE ON BEACHY HEAD.
ROBBING THE DEAD.
BURIED ALIVE IN THE SNOW.
AN ADVENTURE IN ARRAN.
AN AWKWARD ADVENTURE.
A TWILIGHT ADVENTURE.—AN APPA-
RITION EXTRAORDINARY.
ADVENTURE AMONG THE HUDSON'S BAY
FUR HUNTERS.
ENCOUNTER WITH A WATER-SNAKE.
A NIGHT ADVENTURE IN PARIS.
AN ADVENTURE AT PETRA.
AN ADVENTURE IN RUPELT'S LAND.

BENIGHTED ON SALISBURY PLAIN.
A LEAF FROM A CLERGYMAN'S JOURNAL.
AN ADVENTURE UPON EXMOOR.
ADVENTURE IN PERU.
AN ADVENTURE IN CARLINGFORD BAY;
OR, THE SPRIG OF LAVENDER.
AN ENCOUNTER WITH A BUFFALO.
AN ADVENTURE IN THE LEVANT.
AN ADVENTURE IN A PINE WOOD.
REMINISCENCES OF THE YELLOW FEVER
AT CARTHAGENA.
A NIGHT IN TASMANIA.
A STRIKING PROVIDENCE.

SEA SKETCHES ABOUT SHIPS AND SAILORS.

WITH PORTRAIT AND AUTOGRAPH OF PRINCE ALFRED.

CONTENTS :

WRECK OF THE "RANDOLPH."
LOSS OF THE "ROYAL GEORGE."
THE AWKWARD SQUAD AT SEA.
SHIPWRECK OFF NEWFOUNDLAND.
THE PIRATE.
THE SHIP SURGEON.
A MAN-OF-WAR ON FIRE.
A WORD ON SHIPS' BOATS.
ADMIRAL SIR W. EDWARD PARRY.
OUR ENGLISH SAILORS: AS THEY WERE
AND AS THEY MAY BE.
JACK ASHORE: SAILORS' HOMES.
THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE SEAS.
JOHN NEWTON'S ADVICE TO A YOUNG
SAILOR.
PILLAR DOLLARS.

THE FIRST SHIP TO ST. PETERSBURGH.
BURIED AT SEA.
THE BRAVE IRISH FISHERMAN.
A REFUGE IN THE OCEAN.
A CASE FOR THE DOCTORS.
THE CHAPLAIN-LIEUTENANT.
AMONG SMUGGLERS.
LLOYD'S.
LLOYD'S BOOK.
THE OLD WHALE-FISHERMAN.
THE COLLIER BRIG.
THE SAILOR BOY'S BIBLE.
THE EUROCLYDON.
THE SAILOR'S STAR CLOCK.
THE FUNERAL OF LORD NELSON.

WATCH-NIGHT IN THE CHANNEL.
AT SEA IN A CLIPPER.
ON BOARD THE "MARCO POLO."
THE REFORMATORY SHIP: ON BOARD
THE AKBAR.
SOUTH SEA DAN.
THE FIRST BRITISH STEAMBOAT.
A STRANGE SEA MONSTER.
AN OCEAN STEAMER.
THE WEST INDIA MAIL PACKET.
THE "ROBERT AND MARGARET."
THE LOSS OF THE SHIP "ABEONA" BY
FIRE.
A TALE OF THE SPANISH ARMADA.
THE LIFE-FLEET.

SUNDAY IN MANY LANDS.

CONTENTS :

A SUNDAY AT CAWNPORE.
SUNDAY AMONG THE NEGROES OF THE
SOUTH.
SUNDAY AMONG THE HIGH ALPS.
A SUNDAY IN SOUTH AFRICA.
AN ENGLISHMAN'S FIRST SUNDAY IN
SCOTLAND.
SUNDAY IN A NEW ZEALAND SETTLE-
MENT.
A SUNDAY WITH THE MAORIES.
A SUNDAY AT CHAMOUNI.
SUNDAY IN CANADA.
A SUNDAY AT SEA, AND ITS RESULT.
A SUNDAY ON THE NILE.
A SABBATH AT PATMOS.
A SUNDAY IN THE VALLÉE DES OR-
MONDS.
A SUNDAY AMONG THE VAUDOIS.

A SUNDAY AT FLORENCE.
A SUNDAY IN ROME.
TWO SABBATHS ON THE ATLANTIC.
A SUNDAY IN NORWAY.
A SUNDAY AT GEORGETOWN.
A SACRAMENT SUNDAY IN SCOTLAND.
THE BOOK OF SPORTS.
HUGH MILLER ON SUNDAY AMUSE-
MENTS.
HOW WILBERFORCE AND CHALMERS
ENJOYED THE SABBATH.
GEORGE STEPHENSON AND THE SABBATH.
SUNDAYS WITH MY CHILDREN.
A SUNDAY MORNING IN WALES.
AMONG THE NAVVIES IN WALES.
SUNDAY IN PARIS.
SUNDAY IN THE LONDON STREETS.
SUNDAY ON THE THAMES.

SUNDAY IN THE SUBURBS.
A SUNDAY RAILWAY EXCURSION.
A SCOTTISH TRADESMAN'S SUNDAY.
A SUMMER SABBATH ON MOUNT ZION.
SUNDAY AT OXFORD.
"THE TIMES" ON SUNDAY RECREA-
TIONS.
A SUNDAY WITH THE NAVVIES IN
PROVENCE.
A SUNNY SABBATH.
HANS SIEBEL'S DREAM.
THE SABBATH AS A DAY OF REST
FROM LABOUR.
THE SABBATH AS IT MIGHT BE.
SABBATH MORNING AND EVENING.
THE SABBATH.
THE EXILE'S VISION.
SUNDAY.

For railway and other travellers this series will have a special recommendation. Two hundred and eighty-eight pages of good-sized print, with wood-cut illustrations, in a neat cover, for one shilling, will place these books among the cheapest issues of the press.

The same books, printed on fine paper, and bound in fancy cloth, price two shillings, form attractive and appropriate prize-books or gift-books for the young.

56, PATERNOSTER ROW, AND 164, PICCADILLY.

Order from any Bookseller.

TO TOURISTS AND EXCURSIONISTS.

THE following DESCRIPTIVE PAPERS in the "LEISURE HOUR," many of them ILLUSTRATED by Engravings, are still on Sale, and may be ordered through any Bookseller or News Agent.

*** The numerous Tourist Sketches contained in Nos. 1 to 261 can for the future only be obtained by purchasing the Vols. for 1852-3-4-5-6.

THE TOURIST AT HOME.

Practical Hints to Home Tourists, No. 493
North Wales, Nos. 347 to 355; 287
Snowdon, Nos. 237, 286
The English Lakes, Nos. 280 to 292
Oversands, No. 318
Manchester, with its Social Life and Manufactures, Nos. 269-70, 272-4, 275-9, 281-2
Dorking, No. 235
Guilford, No. 340
Hampstead Heath, Nos. 246, 293
Tunbridge Wells, No. 294
Harrogate and its Waters, No. 246
Studely Park and Fountains Abbey, No. 398
Liverpool, No. 302
Malvern, No. 253
Bridport, No. 563
Chiswick, No. 345
Windsor and its Neighbourhood, Nos. 388-92
The Zoological Gardens, Nos. 401, 445
Adventure upon Exmoor, No. 487
The Home of Waterton the Naturalist, No. 397
Purton Spa, No. 488
The Birthplace of Francis Drake, near Tavistock, No. 401
Day at Ben Rhydding, Nos. 423-4
The Hertfordshire Lanes, Nos. 489-90
Oxford revisited, No. 430; New Museum, 469
Between Severn and Wye, Nos. 441, 446
Epping Forest, with 4 engravings, No. 442
The Channel Islands, Nos. 445-6
The Homes and Haunts of Keble and Tennyson, No. 448
The Isle of Man, No. 450
The Black Country, its People and Scenery, Nos. 458 to 468
Meelfra Bay in Summer Time, No. 464
Kensal Green Cemetery, Nos. 481-2
Visit to Blenheim, No. 482
Lost on the Fells, No. 492
Peterborough and Round about it, Nos. 499, 500
On the Devonshire Coast, No. 507
Weston-super-Mare, and other Somersetshire Watering Places, No. 510
Swansea, No. 512
Portland and the Portlanders, Nos. 517-18
A Trip to North Devon, Nos. 540, 544
Bettws-y-Coed, Nos. 544, 546
Kew, Nos. 549, 552
Broadstairs, No. 553
Ventnor, No. 555
Buxton, No. 557
Edgell, No. 558
Lyne Regis, No. 563
Sidmouth, No. 563
Hull, No. 580

The Tourist in Scotland.

Over the Border, No. 447
The Present and Past of Holyrood, No. 406
Days in Edinburgh, No. 448; 368-9
Roslin, No. 449
Melrose, No. 450
Linlithgow, No. 451
Walks about Stirling, Nos. 452-3
Bridge of Allan, No. 454
Bird's-eye View of Glasgow, No. 455
Group of Scottish Lochs, No. 456
Rothsay, No. 236
Oban and Dunstaffnage, No. 457
Up Glencoe, No. 459
Natural History of Deeside and Braemar, No. 407
Day among the Hebrides, No. 459
Shetland and Orkney Islands, Nos. 232-40
Highland Sports, Nos. 460-1
Skye: up the Cuchullins, Nos. 462-3

The Tourist in Ireland.

Giant's Land, No. 558
Dunluc Castle, No. 559
Round the Walls of Derry, No. 560
Shane's Castle and Lough Neagh, No. 561
Belfast, No. 562
Carrickfergus, No. 563
Killarney, Nos. 295-6
Afoot through the Wicklow Hills, No. 399

THE TOURIST ABROAD.

The Regular Swiss Round, Nos. 592, etc.
Scaling the Alps, No. 232
Adventure among the High Alps, Nos. 340-1-2
Unseasonable Passage of the Alps, Nos. 329-30
Crossing the Grimsel, No. 558
The Highest Village in Europe, 560
The Matterhorn, No. 562
Baths of the Pyrenees, Nos. 208-9
Ascent of Mount Etna, No. 205
The Tyrol, Nos. 401-2-3
Prague, Nos. 343-4
By Rail in Austria, Nos. 356-7
Potsdam, No. 321
Balearic Islands, No. 321
Tarin, Nos. 389-90
Stockholm, Nos. 219-20-1-2
Belgium and Holland, No. 360
Brittany, Nos. 397-8
Boulogne, No. 239
Marseilles, No. 275

Pau, No. 561
Peak of Teneriffe, No. 340
Cadiz in 1812, No. 394
Gaëta, No. 483
Grenada and the Alhambra, No. 305
Naples, Nos. 228, 251, 264, 280, 282, 286
Rome, No. 404
Palermo, No. 237
Scilly Islands, No. 231
Malta No. 276
The Ionian Islands, Nos. 376-7-8
The Overland Route to India, Nos. 308-14
Milan under the Austrian Rule, No. 395
Algiers, No. 400
Jamaica Thirty Years ago, Nos. 401 to 413; 436 to 446
Rupert's Land, Adventure in, No. 404
California—A Mule Adventure, No. 405
Potsdam and Frederick the Great, No. 407
Madeira, its Climate and Scenery, Nos. 408-9
Indian Roads and Cotton Supply, No. 411
Etruscan Cities of the Dead, No. 415
The Top of Teneriffe, No. 416
Morocco—A Day amongst the Moors, No. 418
Sebastopol in 1859, No. 418
Gibraltar, No. 422
The Calcutta Mall, No. 432
Up the Hooghly, No. 434
Visit to Aleppo, No. 465
Pekin, and its Visitors from the Far West, Nos. 478-9
Ramble in the Calabrias, No. 466
Fortnight in Barbary, No. 438
Visit to Montenegro, Nos. 439-40
Venice, No. 467
Canada, Nos. 469-70
Richmond, Virginia, No. 481
Garibaldi's House at Caprera, with Engraving, No. 481
Breakfast in an African Village, No. 490
Eastern Virginia, No. 495
The Birthplace of Napoleon—Corsica, No. 495
A Few Days in Holland, Nos. 501, 503
A Peep at Brittany, No. 505
Vienna, No. 509
Adventures in the Far West, Nos. 523, 539
Nova Scotia and its Gold Fields, No. 527
Day in Pesth and Buda, No. 528
Mexico, Nos. 529-30
A Glance at Natal, No. 535
Adventures on Lake Superior, Nos. 540, 543
Otago and the Gold Fields of New Zealand, No. 549-556
British Columbia, No. 568
Texas, Nos. 575-587
Maryland, Nos. 588-591
Mount Athos, Nos. 601-602

*** Copies of this List will be forwarded to any person sending to the Editor a directed and stamped Envelope.

RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, 56, PATERNOSTER ROW, & 164, PICCADILLY.

And may be had of all Booksellers.

NOTICES TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Withdrawal of Early Numbers.—The first five years of "The Leisure Hour," and the first three years of "The Sunday at Home," can now be purchased only in volumes.

Portfolios and Cases for Numbers and Volumes.—For the preservation of the weekly numbers of "The Leisure Hour," cases, provided with 52 cords, are supplied at the cost of ONE SHILLING each. CLOTH CASES, for binding the Volume at the end of the year, may also be had at the Depository, or through any periodical dealer, price 1s. 2d.

To Correspondents and Contributors.—No notice can be taken of anonymous communications. Writers are recommended to keep copies of their manuscripts; miscellaneous contributions being sent in too great numbers to be acknowledged or returned.

Payment and Copyright.—Payment for accepted manuscripts is made on publication. The receipt conveys the copyright of manuscripts to the Trustees of the Tract Society, with liberty for them, at their discretion, to publish such works separately. Republication by authors on their own account must be the subject of special arrangement.

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL DEPÔTS

WHERE MAY BE HAD

THE "LEISURE HOUR" AND "SUNDAY AT HOME."

By the following Booksellers and Depositories the Periodicals are kept both in MONTHLY PARTS AND VOLUMES:—

ADELAIDE—C. Platts.
ALLAHABAD—Tract Depôt, Rev. B. Davis, Secretary.
BARBADOS—Israel Bowen.
BOMBAY—Tract Depôt, Rev. Geo. Bowen, Secretary.
CALAIS—S. Taylor.
CALCUTTA—Tract Depôt, F. Moran.
CAPE TOWN—Tract Depôt, N. H. Marais.
GRAHAM'S TOWN—Tract Depôt, F. Tudhope, Esq., Secy.
HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA—Tract Depôt, T. A. Brown, Esq., Secretary.
HAMBURG—W. S. Oncken.
KINGSTON, JAMAICA—Henderson, Savage & Co.; and J. Galt & Co.

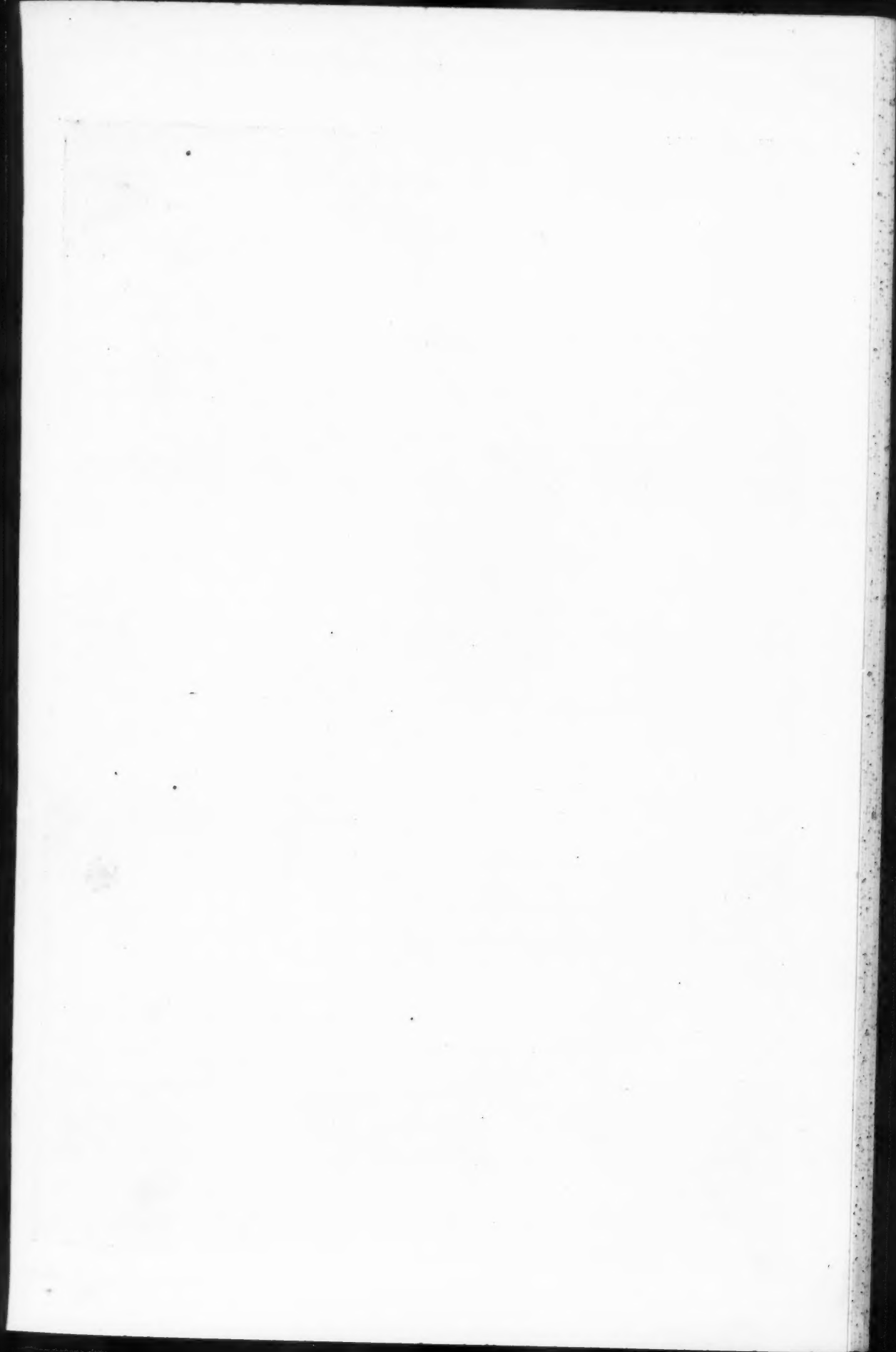
LONGFORD, TASMANIA—Rev. A. Stackhouse.
MADRAS—Tract Depôt, Major Dobbie, Secretary.
MAITLAND, NEW SOUTH WALES—R. Blair.
MALTA—Tract Depôt, Rev. G. Wisely, Secretary.
MONTREAL—J. Milne.
PARIS—Grassart & Co., 4, Rue de la Paix.
QUEBEC—Tract Depôt, Rev. D. Marsh, Secretary.
RANGOON, INDIA—Rev. C. Bennett.
SMYRNA—Rev. J. T. Wolters.
SYDNEY—C. Hicks, 64, Pitt Street, South.
TORONTO—Tract Depôt, J. Carless.

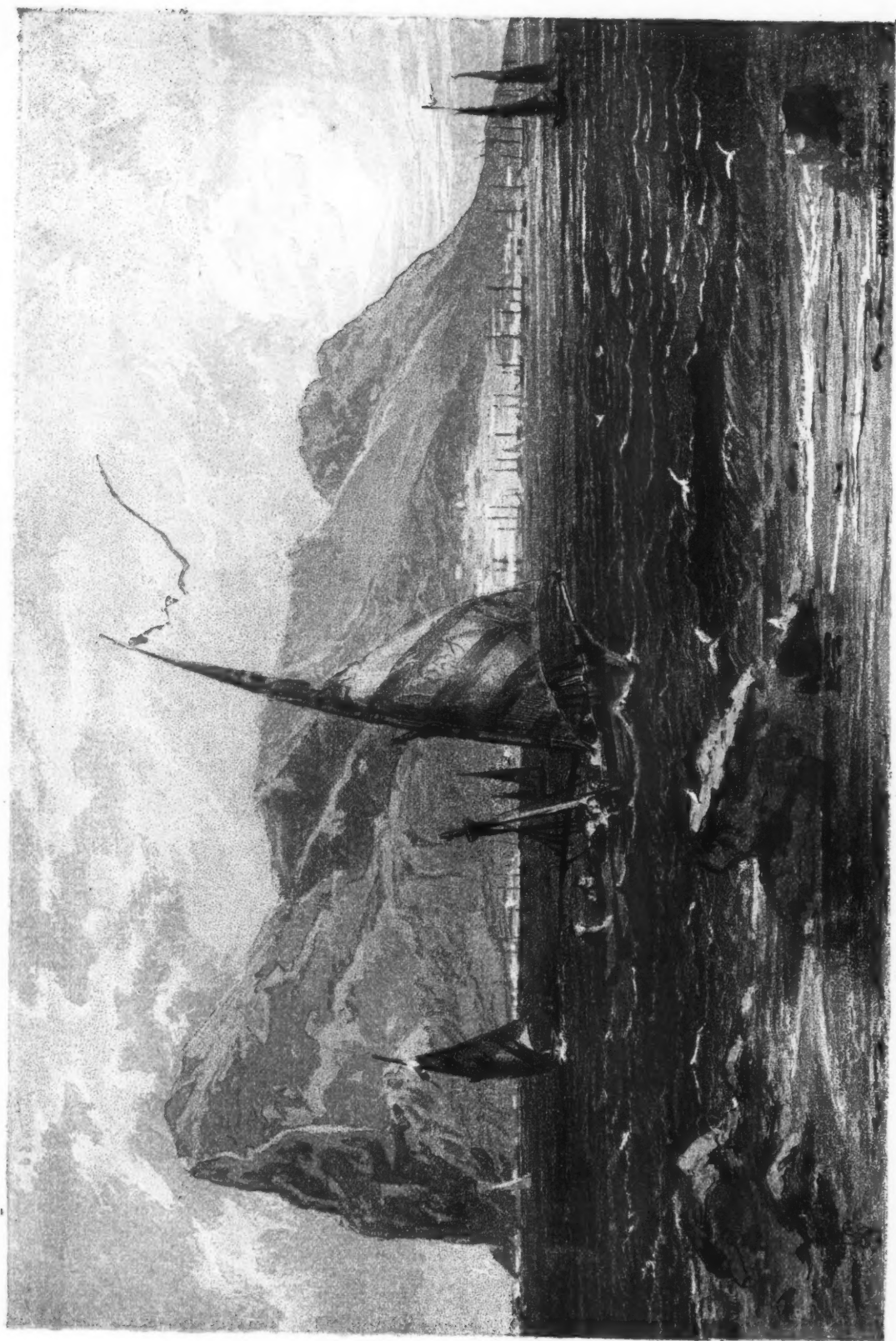
To the subjoined Depôts the Periodicals are sent in VOLUMES ONLY:—

ADELAIDE—Tract Depôt, 126, Rundle Street; E. S. Wigg, Rundle Street; G. Phillips & Co.
AUCKLAND—E. Wayte, Queen Street; T. C. Law.
BALLARAT—Rev. J. M. Strongman.
BOULOGNE—H. M. Merriew.
CHARLOTTE'S TOWN, Prince Edward's Island—Tract Depôt, G. Hubbard.
CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND—Rev. J. Buller.
CONSTANTINOPLE—Rev. R. Kœnig.
GAWLER TOWN—Wilcox, Barker, and Wilcox.
GRAHAM'S TOWN—Godlonton & Richards.
HAMILTON, CANADA—D. McLellan.
HOBART TOWN—Tract Depôt, William Rout; J. W. Walch.
KINGSTON, CANADA—Tract Depôt, Rev. K. M. Fenwick, Secretary.
LAUNCESTON, Tasmania—J. W. Walch.
MELBOURNE—Tract Depôt, 17, Swanston Street; G. Robertson, 84, Russell Street.

MILAN—Rev. J. Williams.
OTTAWA, CANADA—J. Durie.
PICTOU, NOVA SCOTIA—J. Patterson.
PIETERMARITZBURG, NATAL—Tract Depôt, Mr. J. Russom, Secretary.
PORT ELIZABETH, ALGOA BAY—R. Halleck, Main Street; T. Handfield; Riches, Impey & Co.
ST. JOHN'S, NEW BRUNSWICK—Tract Depôt, Dr. James Paterson, Secretary.
ST. JOHN'S, Newfoundland—Tract Depôt, J. W. Marriott, Esq., Secretary.
SECUNDERABAD, India—Tract Depôt, Lieut. C. M. Smith, Secretary.
SYDNEY—S. Gould, 178, Pitt Street; Rev. S. Rabone.
TORONTO—W. C. Chewett & Co.; Bryce & Co.
WELLINGTON, New Zealand—Rev. J. Aldred.







GIBRALTAR.